







Illman Brothers, Engravers.

Thy sincere friend-Phebe M. Frish,

DIARY AND LETTERS

OF

PHEBE M. IRISH.

"How oft Thou takest of our souls a part, find bearest it before us in the dark; That, by the yearnings of a severed heart, We may more surely find life's proper mark."



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TO PHEBE'S FATHER AND MOTHER,

NURSES THROUGH SUFFERING AND GUARDIANS OF

HER RIPENING YEARS,

AND

TO THE SISTERS,

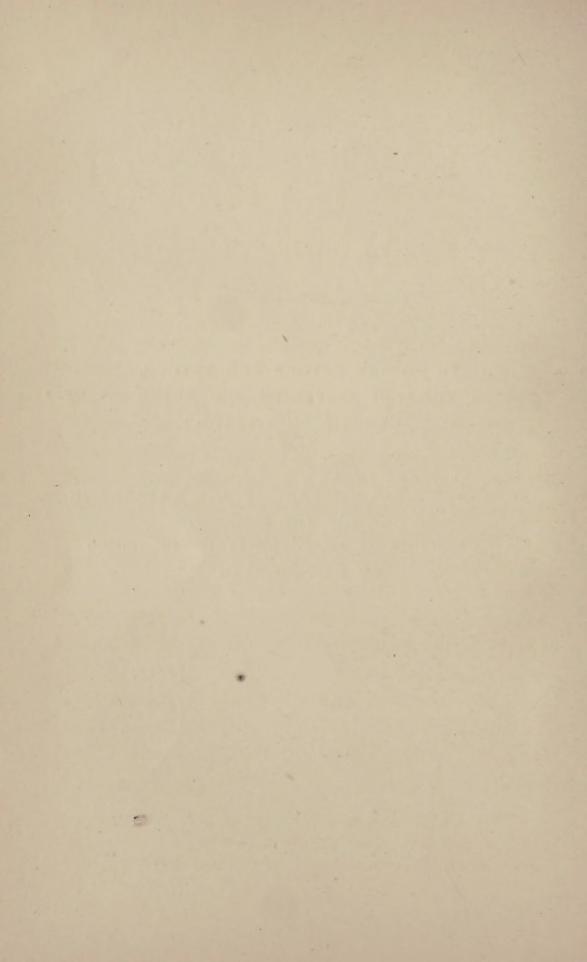
EVER HER DEAR COMPANIONS AND SHARERS IN

HER JOY AND SORROW,

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY HER HUSBAND.

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INTRODUCTION.

FEELING that the subject of this memoir was a person of more than ordinary religious experience, and believing the perusal of her written thoughts would be a satisfaction to her friends and perhaps unto others, and the experience of her life prove beneficial to many minds, I have prepared this little volume, composed of extracts from her diary and correspondence. From her eleventh year she kept a record of her daily life, -noting down the deep thoughts of her heart. Her outward existence had in it but little variety, being from early years much afflicted: she seldom went from home, and was deprived of many of the enjoyments of youth. Perhaps it was the hand of affliction that so purified her spirit and directed her thoughts to Divine things. A loved and valued friend writes of her as follows:-

"She was, agreeably to her own account, tenderly visited in her childhood with impressions of Divine love, and her mind so overshadowed therewith that she was

constrained to retire into lonely places, unseen by mortal eye, to hold communion with her God; in which seasons she was enabled to behold His comeliness, and to feel that she was owned and stood in a state of acceptance with Him, which sometimes caused her eyes to flow with tears and her heart to expand with gratitude, and living desires were raised in her mind that she might be kept pure in His holy sight the remainder of her days."

Another loved friend thus writes of her in later years:—

"I remember well the first time I was introduced to Phebe Matilda: it was at our Quarterly Meeting. Her manner and conversation impressed me much, as she spoke of the great spiritual feast she had enjoyed; and ever after I looked upon her as one growing in the Truth, and it seemed to be her meat and drink to do her heavenly Father's will; always seeking a sphere of usefulness where she might labor for the good of others. She often expressed fear of being an unprofitable servant, yet always appeared to be rejoicing in the Lord. The devotion of her young heart seemed cheering and refreshing unto me, and I hope the dear young Friends who read her memoir may be encouraged to follow her example as she endeavored to follow Christ."

Her death occurred on her twenty-eighth birthday, and concerning it another friend writes:—

"They said: 'A child is born to us, to-day!'
And all who heard rejoic'd, though well they knew
The tender feet, along a thorny way,
Their doubtful search for pleasure must pursue.

"But when a score of years and eight were past,—
And on the self-same day the angels said:
'A new-born spirit on our shore is cast
From the rude waves of earth,'—our bosoms bled.

"For we had lost a friend,—or seemed to lose
A part of our own being: such a share
As, had it been our privilege to choose,
We should have said, 'We can in no wise spare.'

"For, from a child, she was of gentle mien: Tender as true, and generous as kind; Pure in all eyes but hers, and these, I ween, Could but some little imperfections find.

"But little follies to the wise seem great,
And to the noble minor faults are grave,
And God is high above our best estate,
And those He loves would from all error save."

Her feeble health oft prevented her attendance at meetings, but when permitted thus to mingle with her friends it was a season of deep enjoyment, and the utterances of laborers in the Gospel were food to her hungering soul, which she garnered and carried with her to ponder on in the retirement of home. These truths she often entered in her diary, to cheer her in moments of discouragement. Her notes of daily life are not of sufficient interest to warrant publication, therefore the following extracts, being composed mainly of her religious thoughts, may give to strangers the im-

pression that her life was lacking in the buoyancy and light-heartedness natural to youth; but those who knew her can realize fully that this was not the case. On the contrary, possessed of an impulsive, enthusiastic disposition, she enjoyed the beauties of nature and association with her friends in a greater degree than most persons, was ever joyous and mirthful, and when she felt peace of mind realized a happiness the mere worldling knew not of. It is with feelings of delicacy that I give her secret thoughts and aspirations to the public; but these were not so private with her as with many, for her diary and letters were always open to her near companions and intimate friends, being desirous of sharing with others whatever was near and dear to her; and, if her thoughts and experiences could aid and encourage struggling minds, all the assistance she could render was gladly imparted.

Her intimate friends were numerous, and they felt assured of being near her heart. To those younger than herself she was a tender and loving counsellor, to whom they would often confide their aspirations and struggles after a higher life: to those of more advanced years and experience she looked with reverent love for instruction and encouragement, and to all in affliction her heart was closely drawn. Although incapacitated for labo-

rious employment, her hands were ever active for others as well as for herself.

Her marriage took place on the 15th of Tenth month, 1872, under the care of Amawalk Monthly Meeting, of which she had always been a member, and shortly after she went to reside with her husband at Quaker Hill, in Dutchess County, N.Y., transferring her membership to Oblong Monthly Meeting. In her new home, she seemed to feel deep enjoyment, and her mother expressed, after a visit to her, that she had never seen her appear so full of happiness. It did indeed seem too pure to last on earth. She had been, for several years, troubled much at times with dyspepsia, which again came upon her in the Second month, 1873; her stomach becoming so weak as to take but little nourishment, and finally almost none. She was soon much prostrated, and confined mostly to her bed, where, though suffering much from weakness and rapidly failing strength, her spirit was ever bright and cheerful, making it a privilege to all to be able to wait upon her. Her thanks for the slightest favors were never omitted, by smile or word. On Second day, the 10th of Third month, she asked for pencil and paper, which, being given her, she wrote with difficulty the following, the last thoughts her hand placed upon record: "I

want to learn this great lesson, that hard and wearisome as such depressing sickness is, yet to live in the unthankful enjoyment of the Father's gifts is much worse. I have been very careless,—I want to learn better, but seem to very slowly. Oh! dear Father, help me I pray Thee!"

Competent medical aid attended, and a hope was felt that the weakening body might soon begin to gather strength: at times she did seem stronger and on the point of gaining; but our hopes and prayers were in vain. The angel had been sent to call her pure spirit home, away from the pains and trials of the flesh. She realized fully that she was approaching the shore, and the evening before her death, she called her father and mother to her side, thanked them for their tender, watchful care, expressed regrets that she had not been more faithful and obedient, gave tender, loving messages for the absent dear ones, and in a voice full and tranquil, and of flowing sweetness, seeming more of heaven than earth, commended them all to that Power which is able to guide aright through the cares and trials of life. A short time after, she appeared almost in slumber, when she murmured: "Grandmother, heaven! Precious Leader! Let me lead thee up!" as if her spirit were already catching glimpses through the veil. The night

and morning were hours of much bodily suffering. During the morning she expressed thankfulness for having lived through the night: stating that she had prayed she might die in the day-time, and in the open air. The darkness of night, doubtless, seemed close and oppressive. At length her suffering was over, and she enjoyed a brief period of rest; sinking into a quiet sleep, to wake, we trust, in endless day. Her consciousness was perfect to the end, and as long as strength remained she uttered loving counsels; almost her last words were: "Father! Father! raise me on wings!"

We, who witnessed that quiet, happy, peaceful close, could plainly feel that for her there was no cause to mourn, for her spirit, free from pain, had passed to that home for which it had so longed,—but to think of ourselves, whose world was so much with her, was overwhelming. But that Power she felt sustaining her, and which she called us to, was with us, to sustain in this extremity. Her death occurred on the 25th of Third month, 1873. Her remains were taken to her former home, in Westchester County, where on the 28th, a very large company gathered at Amawalk Meeting-house, to pay a last tribute to one so dearly loved. Many powerful and touching testimonies were borne to the efficacy of that Grace which had

so illumined her life. The body was then deposited in the burial-ground adjoining, by the side of that mother who had held so large a place in her childish heart. The following obituary, written by a near neighbor and friend, appeared in *The Peekskill Messenger*:—

"Bowed beneath the Father's chastening rod, our spirits humbled, we own, O God! Thy way as just. A spirit pure and meek was this to whom the summons came. With a mild and cheerful disposition, and frame fragile as a flower, she was plucked in early youth; yet her short life was marked with usefulness.

"Being when a child afflicted in body, she was made perfect through suffering; and how rapidly the chastened soul ripened! Her face wore the very lineaments of Heaven. In a school of small children, which, previous to marriage, she was much interested in, she labored earnestly to gather 'these little ones' into the fold of Christ. A lover of Nature, her heart seemed lifted in thanksgiving when inhaling the fragrance of flowers.

"Last fall, she was united in marriage to David A. Irish, and moved to reside in Dutchess County. Neither her situation, comparatively among strangers, nor household cares, in any way diminished her ardor in serving her Divine Master. The brief period of her union was spent in beautiful harmony and in the quiet peace consequent upon an endeavor to walk in the fear and counsel of the Lord: when it became evident that the inscrutable dispensation should be realized, she evinced a desire to live for her husband's sake. But trusting in God, in whom she had believed, she left him in this keeping.

In viewing her life as a whole, her rare genius consecrated from childhood to the holiest objects, her almost Christlike patience under suffering, I am reminded of the tribute to the perfect woman in the olden time:— 'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.'

"Ye sisters, who feel as if the gushing founts were unsealed in this hour of sadness, meekly bow to the Master's will; for He, who made the wound, alone can heal it. Thus hath passed from among us, one whose spirit seemed poised a while between two worlds; but Heaven's attractions prevailed, and an emancipated soul, assured of its salvation, went triumphantly to Jesus.

"'Sisters,—your voices' swell,

Hath mingled sweetly with her own;
But now, alas! the fond farewell,
Is breathed with hushed and saddened tones."

She felt an impression that she might be called to minister in public: if this volume tends to carry out her mission, the pleasant labor of preparing it will not have been in vain.

DAVID A. IRISH.

QUAKER HILL, Third month, 1875.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE

DIARY AND LETTERS

OF

PHEBE M. IRISH.

I was born on the 25th day of the Third month, 1845, in the town of Yorktown, in Westchester County, N.Y. My parents' names were Joseph T. and Sarah Hallock, members of the religious society of Friends. I had one sister older and one younger than myself: my older sister's name was Amie Anna, and the younger was named Henrietta. For the first two or three years of my life I remember nothing, until I was nearly five, when the sad traverse of a melancholy incident fills my recollection,—it was that of my mother's death: my dear mother! she has left her saddened home for a better one than this earth could give her.

The last words she spoke to me were: "Be a good girl: love thy father; farewell!"

"The trembling dewdrops fall Upon the shutting flowers, like souls at rest: The stars shine gloriously,—and all Save me are blest.

"Mother, I love thy grave!
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head: when shall it wave
Above thy child?

"'Tis a sweet flower,—yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow:
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem,—dust
Is on thy brow!

"And I could love to die,
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter stream;
By thee, as erst in childhood lie,
And share thy dream.

"And must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a withered tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee?

"And must I linger here,
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes of childhood dear,
With bitter tears?

"Oft from life's withering bower,
In still communion with the past I turn,
And muse on thee, the only flower,
In memory's urn.

On the 13th of First Month, 1850, her remains were carried to the grave. In a few months after, I had the chicken-pox severely; in a few days after that disease left me, I was taken with a lameness in my left hip,—it came on very strangely, perhaps one day I would limp very badly, and the next not limp at all. In the Third month of 1851, my father married again: his wife was a widow with one son; her name was Phebe H. Irish, and his name James V. Irish. That same year my hip kept growing worse, until it was very bad: it was first lanced, and then broke and discharged in five places; we knew not what caused it. Father and mother tried nearly all the different doctors they heard of. After a year and all its troubles had passed away, I was much better, so that I could walk on both feet: the places all closed. I was not confined to my bed more than two or three days the whole year, but my limb was not sound: every time I took cold, it would make me so that I could walk only on one foot, my lame limb being so weak.

Eighth month 2d, 1857.—It is a beautiful day. I have been reading in the Friends' Intelligencer, and some remarks have caused me to meditate on the misery of mankind. Some are dressed in the

vainest of fashions, and eating the best of food, while others would be glad to pick up a piece of dry bread out of the road.

Eighth month 8th.—It is raining very hard as I write. Oh, how the cool refreshment from heaven does pour down upon the plants and trees, to make them grow and bring forth food for us!

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Second month 20th, 1858.—Death?—what is death? it is the passing from one life into another. Oh, what a blessed thing is death to one who feels ready to meet his Creator face to face; but what a wretched thing it must be to the wicked, when death summons him home! That thought brings all our past life back on us in utter confusion: it makes us think if we have, in the past, disobeyed the commands of God; which, no doubt, we too often have.

Fourth month 14th.—What a blessed thing is solitude! When I am alone and all around me is still, save the sweet music of nature, then my thoughts rest on my mother,—the loved one who has long since departed this life for another and

far happier one in the realms of eternal bliss; and I pray that, by the help of the all-wise Creator, her example may be of great profit to me. Oh, what a loss did her friends and those near and dear to her sustain, when she was called on high! How very, very often, are these words verified: "What is our loss, is her eternal gain."

Fifth month 8th.—What a blessed thing it is to have a home where, weary with the toil of the day, you may find comfort and cheerfulness in the quiet hours of eve, there to rest from the tiresome hum of business in the sweet society of your family. But there are many, very many, that do not have such a home: many a wife has to toil hard to earn even half enough for herself and family to eat, and what she earns, if her husband could get it, would be spent in drink. Oh, what an evil is drunkenness! These words come from the very bottom of my heart; for, when I think what evil is done in this world by spirituous liquors, and what a different world it would be if entirely exempt from them, I can say bitterly: "Oh, what an evil is drunkenness!" but I hope that, for all such afflicted ones, there is a happier home in heaven. Thank God, I have a "happy home!" and have great sympathy for those who are thus afflicted.

Fifth month 26th.—I have lately been reading a story that occurred during the French Revolution, which brings afresh to my mind the horrors caused by war: how wicked it is for man to kill his brother, and scatter abroad the blood of men that should always be his friends; for the Bible commands us to "love one another." But some will argue, why should I not defend myself, and if attacked by a man that intends to kill me, why should I not fight? My answer would be, if thy friend seeketh thy life to destroy it, and it comes to a point so that one or the other must die, rather let him kill thee who art fit to die: for if a man makes up his mind that he had rather be killed than kill, he is certainly more fit to die than the other. Perhaps if he is not slain by thy hand, he may possibly repent of his wicked ways, become one of the followers of Christ, and be received into the kingdom of the blessed.

Fifth month 28th.—Our folks came home last evening, and brought Uncle Stephen and Aunt Sarah with them. Oh, how thankful I should be if all of us were as patient under afflictions as she is! For all that she has suffered, her face wears a pleasant aspect; and from her heart she declares that she is happy in the possessions that God has

granted her, although health has not always been her portion.

Sixth month 25th.—I have just returned from an appointed meeting by James Thorn. He spoke very long and, most of the time, very fast. Oh, James Thorn! thou art a diligent laborer in the Lord's work: may success crown thy efforts. If other people are stirred in their mind for our souls' salvation, oh! why then is it that so many of us seem not to think of the end that is to come? why is it that we think so much more of the outward clothing than of the inward? O Lord, I beseech Thee to bless me with a different heart from that I now possess: a heart pure from the sins and vileness of the world. I send my earnest petition up to the throne of grace, and hope to have Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, heed the prayers of me, a poor worm of the dust.

Sixth month 29th.—How very often does James Thorn's virtue and excellence come up before my mind, as vivid as though it had been but a few moments ago that I heard him address us, in a tone so expressive of what he felt in his own soul. It has saved me from many a petty sin to think how earnestly he labors in the Lord's service; for

I know that it would be injustice to him, and a great, great deal more so to God, if I were not to heed his divine teachings. Did I say petty sins? there are no such sins. He says: "We must never think that anything is little, that it does not make any difference; it is little things that make great ones: also, that we ought not to call Jesus Christ our Saviour, if we have not been saved by Him." Why is it?—I have heard others speak, but none have ever made such an impression on my memory as he has.

Seventh month 6th.—Calm, holy, peaceful twilight,—what must be those hearts that are not stirred by the solemn thoughts arising in the breast of man, as he gazes on yon beautiful scene? I said that it was solemn; and sunset is indeed a solemn time,—solemn, for when gazing upon it we cannot very easily help thinking of the Great Bestower of all gifts, and therefore I call it solemn. O God, I thank Thee! comes from my inmost heart; what I ask of Thee is, to permit me to serve Thee while health and strength last.

Seventh month 17th.—It is nearly sunset, and I am seated in the quiet of my own room. Who would exchange this place of peace and sweet con-

tentment for the burst of revelry? Oh, manifold goodness! Thou, that hast blessed me with blessings unnumbered, art also the Giver of blessings to other people. Oh, then, how ought we to repay Thee? My heart answers from its deepest recesses: By diligent attendance to all Thy rules; for we know that they will lead us in the road to happiness. How many people are there in this day that, at the first, you would think almost perfect; but get closely acquainted with them and you will find they have not given their whole hearts to God, or do not think of the happiness or well-being of their fellow-creatures, as commanded in that Book of books; but no man on the face of the earth is perfect, therefore we must not judge too closely. Every word or thoughtless expression by some is retained in my memory, and from these I form in my mind an impression of the character of the person; though I fear that, if others observe my deportment closely, they will find it lacking in many particulars. But I intend to be more careful of my own behavior, and less observing of others.

Seventh month 15th.—I am at present at Uncle David's, seated by the door, and the works of nature are shown forth so beautifully, that I cannot help feeling thankful that God has lavished upon

me so many blessings. I am a great admirer of nature. I have ever lived in sight of what I call beautiful scenery, and have from my infancy cultivated the desire of gazing upon any thing which shows forth the wonderful works of the Creator.

Eighth month 13th.—Again we have been summoned to follow one of our brothers to the grave: Cousin Harvey Macy has been called on high. In one short hour, that fond father and doting mother have been stripped of their priceless gem. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Better, far better, if it is the will of our Father in heaven, for him to be taken away now, before the sin and allurements of the world entered his young heart. I remember wondering, when mother died, what made father, and grandfather and grandmother Horton look so very, very sad, -my young heart could give vent to no real grief: I little realized what a great loss had come on me. O grave! what art thou?—art thou the destroyer of all our hopes and prospects of this world? Yes, of this world, but not of that which is to come, for there is promised rest: for the Lord saith, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,"-for many souls are weary, sadly weary, with sin.

Eleventh month 4th.—Amie Anna is teaching, and we have a little school. I must be more regular in my writing: it has been nearly a year and a-half since I commenced this little book;many changes have taken place in me since that time, not to be observed by the sight of the world, neither are many of them recorded in this little work. I know that our God, the Lord of heaven and earth, is a merciful God, and not only forgiveth the seventh time, but also the seventy-seventh; and to those who are willing to turn again to God and repent of their former doings, I verily believe that He will turn to them again. Oh! that I were a true follower of Christ; which I regret to say I am not. Oh! what words to use, when I am likely to be called away from this probationary state any moment, any hour. Time, time!—go not so fast, for thou art altogether too fast for us, slow mortals; for often, very often, do the gray hairs of age cover many a brow before such have an assurance of being God's children. But the fault is our own,—yes, it is we that are slow; but why should we be so? Oh! give us help from above, -give Thy children help, O God! for without Thy assistance we are poor, helpless creatures.

Eleventh month 18th.—No one that has not

experienced the same, knows anything about my unsettled state of mind, neither can they understand it. I have read the journals of religious men, and have deeply sympathized with them in their mental exercises.

Twelfth month 5th.—When I think how likely we are to die at any moment, to think of dying unprepared brings a shudder to my soul. Not long ago the existence of a Supreme Being was veiled under a cloud so dark, that it was almost impenetrable; now it is quite different. I am unsettled on many things tending to yield peace and quietness of mind: but I wait, as commanded, until they are revealed; for I know that the Creator removes not the beings placed here by His own hand until they acquire a knowledge of His existence. I have sent petitions to the throne of grace for many things to be revealed unto me. O God, I implore Thee to hear my cry and grant my petition: forgive all my sins, and let me commence life anew! oh, grant this prayer, I implore Thee! I believe Thou knowest what is best and right for me, and I will try to be content therewith: Thy will, O God, not mine, be done!

First month 1st, 1859.—To-day is the first day of the year, and is considered as a day of rejoicing; but I take it different from some,—I think of what another year may bring forth. I may be laid in my grave, and the earth cover my decaying body; or I may live and be enjoying the blessings showered upon us by an All-wise Being! How necessary it is that I should be making resolutions for the better. Oh, then, let me ask strength of Him who watcheth my every action, and with an eye that foresees what shall be my portion."

First month 11th.—We have received information that Aunt Phebe Hallock breathed her last this morning.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal.
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul."

No, for the soul has a higher destination, a loftier habitation, for it is destined to do the commandments of our gracious Father, and its habitation is with Him, eternal. To think of her whom I have so often seen move around with life and gayety, that the flight of the immortal spirit has made the body inanimate, and therefore it is "laid in the narrow house appointed for all the living."

What a novelty is life!—what hard work to realize that, after sojourning on this vast globe for a specified time, we are to leave at the call of our Father in heaven! Oh, that I may be as well prepared as I think she was, for I believe her life ever wore an unspotted aspect!

Third month 19th.—There has been a youth, only nineteen years of age, hung upon the scaffold for murder; his name was Rogers. Three pieces appeared in the Intelligencer concerning it, which exactly met my feelings. Oh, if they would consider what an awful thing it is to send a soul, stained with murder, unrepentant up to God! But some say he seemed very penitent and willing to die; surely if this be true, he was prepared to live. It is not for us to take away the life we cannot give,—but we may fix a place strong and secure for such people, and do all that lies in our power to show them the goodness of God.

But some say it is a warning to others, the fear of walking down to the same dark fate. Did God slay Cain when he killed his brother? No,—God placed a mark upon his brow, so that all might know him. Ah! when that day of judgment comes, will not our nation, as well as others, have to give an account of much blood shed? and, when the

question is asked, "Where is thy brother?" what answer can be given, or who must atone for such atrocious crimes? But the law says, "They must die for murder;" and so saith the world.

Fourth month 25th.—It is indeed, a very pleasant day. Can it be that some people think this comes by mere chance,—that it has no All-wise Creator to soothe and guide the rippling stream of life's warfare? O man! stop and think what it is thou deniest,—consider all around thee, and also behold minutely the whole system of thy being. What is it that tells us when we do wrong, and so harshly reproves us?—what is it that justifies us when we do right, and bestows that peace of mind which "the world cannot give, neither can it take away?" It is conscience, placed within us by God for our own good.

Fourth month 28th.—How very different are the beliefs of the people of the world respecting religious subjects; but, if a person really thinks one way, and is happy in that thought, why should not his belief be respected? All people cannot think alike: I believe it is according to Scripture, that, as a man thinketh, so it is with him.

Fifth month 1st.—It seems almost like a sum-

mer morning. The wind stirs the leaves with a lively motion, the cherry-trees are in bloom, and vegetation shows the return of Spring. Oh, bright and joyous spring-time, thou hast returned once more, to enliven our desponding hours with thy loveliness! Can I wish it to be always Spring? No, no; too well I love the laws of the great King of kings, and oh, that I may be helped to submit to them in all things, for it is right that I should do so!

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Fifth month 11th, 1859.—There is a Divine Power that can strengthen our weak resolves, and it is my deep, heartfelt prayer that we may obey that "still small voice," which whispers what our duty is. Oh, that we may attend to the inward revealing of Divine grace! so that, when our work is finished, we may depart, saying: I have fought a good fight; my work is done; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness. May we all lay up treasure in heaven, for it is far better than on earth, "where moth and rust do corrupt, and thieves break through and steal."

Fifth month 17th.—Who can say, "There is no God?" At the quiet, meditative hour of eve, all

nature is hushed into lovely tranquillity, and the sun has set so magnificently,—gone to give light and heat to another hemisphere,—leaving behind such a host of beautiful clouds, which are soon lost in the lovely gray of twilight: at this hour, take a walk in one of the beautiful groves of our land, there behold the tall and majestic oak towering in seemingly close communion with the clouds, and beneath it a little brook, its sweet ripple so pleasant to the ear that admires the works of God. We cannot look around without beholding something in which the almighty power of Jehovah is manifest. Oh, thou atheist! pause and consider this vast universe, before thou again deniest the existence of an almighty God. There must be, there cannot but be in thee, as there is in others, "a still small voice," which whispers unto thee that thou art wrong,—and is not that voice given us by a Supreme Being? My heart says, Yes; and I have often queried with myself, What was best for me to do? and, after waiting, I would receive an answer, showing the right.

Fifth month 25th.—I have written much in this little book. I have spoken about many things, and perhaps have spoken wrongfully; but I feel very thankful to Thee, my Father, for the many, many

benefits I have received from Thy hand. Bountifully hast Thou lavished them on me,—Thou hast given me a happy, happy home, and kind and loving parents; and if Thou hast called away a dear and tender mother from our social band to inherit a home in heaven, she has been replaced by another, who loves and cares for us. I am now sitting by an open window; the sun is just sinking beyond the distant hills, and shedding his beautiful rays on the face of nature. Lovely art thou, O nature!—deep mysteries are shown from thy bosom, all ordered by our heavenly Father for the good of unworthy man.

Sixth month 1st.—It is a very rainy day for the commencement of Summer, but the works of the Most High are beautifully shown forth in the gently refreshing shower; and that each pearly drop is wisely ordered, is very plain to the observant eye. We attended meeting to-day; it was nearly silent: one earnest voice spoke a few words of consolation, urging us all forward in the straight path of the meek and lowly Jesus. I brought home from the library a memoir of Alexander Young: it describes the death of a Christian. He died with a clear foretaste of future happiness. How beautiful it must be to die, feeling that we have

finished our duty and that we leave happy, in obedience to the call of our heavenly Father; and oh, how desirable is such a death!

Sixth month 3d.—Daniel Tompkins was buried to-day at the Baptist church; he died of the fever that we have so much of. Another is mingled with the dust,—the body, from whence the soul is fled, has been laid in the narrow house appointed for all the living. Many, very many, have during the past winter and spring been called away from this terrestrial sphere; but such is the will of our heavenly Father, and we can only hope that they were ready to depart. Many have gone, but still I am suffered to remain. My mother and a little sister, nine years ago, in obedience to the heavenly call, have departed from my sight, but they are often present in my mind. Oh. shall I ever forget her tender admonition to me on her death-bed, to "be a good girl and love my father, for I would not have my mother to love"? How beautiful are the bright clouds in the west, shining through the green leaves,—and it is almost raining, too.

Sixth month 4th.—I am up in my room; the girls are with me also, writing. Many things are presented to my mind on the structure of man,—

how complete and beautiful it is! At his birth, he is pure and innocent, but mingling with the world his spirit is stained like those with whom he associates, he becomes vile and wicked, and thus dies if not redeemed by the purifying grace of God ever manifest to human beings, which, if attended to, will lead to a place of light, of happiness,—a heaven. I desire to pattern after One who set before us a holy example,—ever ready to perform the service made manifest with cheerfulness and alacrity. I know that many things are required which seem very hard to our creaturely wills, but all things are possible with God.

Sixth month 20th.—I believe that new and fresh vigor has been given me, to do what is required at my hand: may I always prove faithful, however hard the task, and perform the Divine requiring. When I think how I am deformed, and that I have almost always been a sickly, dependent child, the trial cannot be easily borne unless by my heavenly Father's assistance; and I think I have succeeded quite well in not caring for it. I know that those who would laugh at me cannot be such as I should care for, and the perfect symmetry of the body is nothing if the spiritual part,—that which can live forever,—is right with God.

Sixth month 26th.—I have been sitting a long time gazing at the gold and silver tinted clouds, like diamonds, but far more beautiful, set in the blue vault of heaven, and have reflected much on the goodness of that almighty Being whose works are perfect.

Sixth month 30th.—It is at the hour of sunset that I seat myself to write a few lines. What an hour for meditation, deep and thorough! I feel that I have truly searched my heart in its deepest recesses, and find there much vanity and irresolution, and more noxious weeds are growing therein than I desire. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners, never can redeem unless we are willing to be purified by Him.

I am very fearful I shall be this Summer, as I have been for so many, unable to attend meeting, as I feel so very, very weak,—I soon become tired. It is a sore trial and seems very hard, but I think I can truly say, Thy will, O Father, and not mine, be done.

Seventh month 3d.—This morning I saw the people as they went to meeting. Not being well enough, I did not go, but my mind followed them

to their destination, and joined with them in silent worship and prayer for the welfare of my immortal soul.

Seventh month 10th.—I have been at meeting to-day. It is very pleasant to join in the worship of our Father, but if it is His will that I should not, I willingly submit to His requirements.

Seventh month 17th.—I am writing at the time when the sombre shades of night are drawing near, and am enchanted with the beautiful scene before me, reminding me that great and powerful is the wisdom of Him who caused the fire, the whirlwind, and the earthquake to pass by, but nought of Deity was visible,—when all had ceased, the still small voice was heard. So it is in the present age: we do not find God in the bustle and confusion of the world, but retire a little aside, and then His voice speaketh.

Twelfth month 1st.—To-day is the first day of Winter. The rigid season has commenced, but it is not devoid of beauty, for many things claim the attention of an observant eye. The earth is often clad in a robe as beautiful as that of Summer; for it is a pure white, and white is an emblem of innocency.

First month 1st, 1860.—Yes, to-day is the first day of the new year. It seems to me that the old year has passed away very quickly; but it is gone, —gone, never more to be recalled; and the question that arises is, has anything passed away with the old year, any sinful acts or misdeeds, which I would like to recall that I may correct them? But, alas! "Time and tide wait for no man:" they are gone, and no power of man can recall them,—it is the present that we should improve.

First month 12th.—This morning the ground is covered again with snow, and it continued snowing until noon, when it cleared off beautifully. * * Truly winter is a rigid season; but it has charms, and to-day shows them forth in all their beauty. When I think of the many things superior to myself which the Father has created, I cannot but wonder that He should take notice of me. The Psalmist fell into a like reflection, saying: "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained: what is man, that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"

First month 21st.—How beautiful, how magnificent are the works of creation! and when we con-

sider that they were all ordained by a wise and a loving Father, when we think that He has created all things for our good, do our hearts swell within us? do we covenant with Him that we will never, as long as life lasts, do anything but His will? and resolve that by our words, actions, and deeds, His name shall be praised? saying unto the evil spirit, "Get thee hence, Satan! for in my heart there is but One ruler, and that is the everlasting and perfect Father of all." Oh, my Father! if we kept our eye single to Thy commands, and listened not to the "lo, here is Christ! or there!" then would Thy name be greatly praised, and we would ensure that abiding peace which is not of this world, but of the Redeemer's everlasting kingdom.

Sixth month 30th.—How grand, how rich, how beautiful, are the works of the Infinite and Eternal! how many wonderful things He hath created! What am I to Him? I am but a speck in His vast universe: still I was created to live and die, and, while I live, help me to live soberly, righteously, justly, and honestly! Oh, help me,—I know Thou wilt if I seek rightly,—to be of more service in the world than I have been! I hope I may live so that, when the Father calls me to leave this terrestrial sphere, I can say with truth, "Lord, I am ready."

Eighth month 2nd.—We heard that our people would not be home from Quarterly Meeting until to-morrow, as Caroline Stoutenburg is dead, and they expect to attend her funeral. She has been a member of our Society nearly a year: I have reason to believe that she has met the Author of her being face to face, worthy to enter the realms of everlasting bliss prepared for the righteous.

Little did I think, when I last took leave of her, that I should never see her more,—that I would never gaze upon that face again! How long before I may be summoned to the grave I know not: who knows? who can tell? none but the great almighty One. O God! help me to lead a more perfect life! to be more like our blessed Saviour, gentle and forgiving; so that when I am summoned to the grave, I may be ready to inhabit the mansion prepared for the righteous. How deep that husband's grief must be, who has lost so lovely a wife! we, too, have lost a valuable friend.

Ninth month 28th.—Sarah Hoag,—oh, what a precious woman! can it be that her spirit has flown back to God who gave it? can it be that dear one is to be laid in the narrow grave? It is,—it must be so! Thank God, I have been allowed to know and feel something of her worth! I hope I have

felt it; for I have witnessed some of her deeds of love,—may her example not be lost on me. Oh, my Father, may I be so prepared to pass from the stage of action, that I may feel I am going home,—going to a mansion, eternal in the heavens!

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First month 9th, 1861.—We have heard of the death of a little colored girl, that lived at Uncle James Moseman's. She died of diphtheria, and is to be buried at Amawalk to-morrow. This little girl's skin was dark-colored, but was that a reason why she should not have a soul? why she should not be considered human, or on a level with those whose skins are white? Methinks not; and I also think that, if colored people were to act in accordance with the light of Christ within them, their souls would be as free from blot or stain, and be as acceptable to the Creator, as if their skins were white. O slavery! shall we ever see an end of thee, vile and wicked as thou art! Will our dearly-beloved republic ever be free from the sin of slavery? I hope so; and the day may not be far distant. A new year has commenced, and how another year may find the affairs of this nation is a question that has arisen in my mind.

There has been a great deal of talk about the South's seceding, since the election of Abraham Lincoln, the Republican candidate for the presidency. I do not know how things will turn out; I only hope it will be for the best, and that right may triumph over wrong.

First month 27th.—As we were coming home, mother said she did wish father would not let the horses go so fast across the flats, and I asked what hurt would it do if they went fast; and she said, "What if they should run away?" Father leaned back and asked: "Thee does not fear, does thee? thy father is at the helm." And should I fear while such a father is protector? But is there not another Father, who is Father over all, and to whose loving care we owe all things? Is He not always at the helm, to guide into the true haven the ship of life? And oh, if we were always willing to be led, guided, and directed by that high and holy One! but we are so prone to evil, to the spirit of the world, and leave those things that are of more lasting and durable account.

Second month 18th.—I would dearly love to go up and see P. E. Carpenter, but something happens to hinder: I do not know what she will think of me. I did not think one year ago that she would be so near her close; but Jehovah ruleth in wisdom. If summoned from this sphere of action, may she be ready to depart.

Am I a diligent seeker after the true bread of life that cometh down from heaven? do I wish to be fed with that, rather than with the bread of this world, spiritually?

Second month 25th.—Darkness has spread its sable mantle over a part of earth's surface. I heard yesterday that Phebe Elizabeth was very poorly, but just alive. A little over a year ago, and she was in this very room at school, and now, dear one, where art thou? Art thou yet an inhabitant of earth, or gone from us? faded as a blossom from the earth, leaving thy father and friends to lay thee out of sight, never more to hear thy step or the music of thy voice. Phebe Elizabeth, thy name is dear to me! if thou leave us for a home with Jesus, for a home in the amaranthine bowers of perfect bliss, of spotless purity, should we mourn for thee?

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!"

Third month 1st.—If I have joys or sorrows, Phebe Elizabeth is not here to share them with me,—she is gone. Life and death are both realities. Oh, father, if thou hast placed many hopes and wishes on thy daughter, they are all crushed now! She cannot share thy joy or sorrow: her body alone remains, the spirit has fled.

Fourth month 12th.—Attended meeting: Jesse Hallock, Elizabeth Quinby, and Daniel Griffin had each something to offer therein; Elizabeth had a good deal to say in both meetings. She is from Chappaqua, and intends visiting all the families belonging to this monthly meeting, and to appoint some meetings. I hope she is a true servant of God: she said many beautiful things, and my soul has been somewhat refreshed. I have been much exercised for a long time,—is it from disobedience, or have I permitted the world and its vanities to bewilder me? If so, I hope to be brought out of it. O Father, will Thou help me to be entirely willing to perform Thy service? to bow in spirit at the throne of grace and say, "Thy will, O Lord, not mine, be done."

Fourth month 15th.—William Penn placed the whole of religion in two words, "Humility and

love," and I think both are very much lacking in some of us. How much happier we might proceed with our domestic affairs, and not alone in them, but in all the walks of life, if love,—pure, undefiled love,—were our rule of action: may we strive to possess it.

Fourth month 25th.—War has commenced in, what was termed, "our happy, free America." But few years have passed since it was engaged in a long and terrible conflict, and then freedom was enjoyed by a part of the people, while some were held in bondage and compelled to labor, for which they received scarcely any remuneration; and now there is another war, and how long or destructive it may prove, time only will solve,—many lives already have been lost. How contrary to the peaceable spirit of the gospel.

Eighth month 11th.—I think the soldiers must suffer much from the excessive heat. Oh, what a sad time for our country! Many of our citizens have volunteered their services; but what will be the result I cannot tell. Human beings engaged in the work of destruction, hurrying into eternity thousands of souls when they are in a different state from what they should be. I know they are work-

ing in their country's service, but God hath said "Thou shalt not kill," and are they Christians who positively disobey such a command?

Ninth month 7th.—It is the afternoon of a beautiful day, and I thought I would try and write a little. My limb and back have troubled me very much, with that exception I am well. If I should be laid on a bed of sickness, may God be with me; may His everlasting arm of goodness and mercy be stretched forth toward me! O my God, may Thou be pleased to give strength to bear patiently all that may fall to my lot!

Ninth month 10th.—I am so tired: it does not take much to make me tired now; my limb has troubled me a good deal to-day. Oh, my once dear Phebe Elizabeth, thou art not forgotten! although young and joyous, yet stricken down by that fatal disease consumption, after many days of suffering: there is one that oft remembers thee.

Ninth month 22nd.—I have not been to meeting for several weeks, as I have not been well; my limb is gathering, and from appearance I suppose it is drawn out of joint. O my God, give me patience, that I may not murmur!—if deprived of

many of life's enjoyments, I possess the one great privilege, even as others.

Ninth month 30th.—I have thought that I felt something of the Christian religion to-night,beautiful, indeed, would be a family living in perfect harmony, with pure love to every one and for their Creator, existing solely for the good of mankind and to their Maker's praise: though great may be the trials of life and varied its besetments, yet trusting all to God and having perfect faith in There would be no more wars or fightings, quarrellings or disputations, but undefiled love to all. O thou Father of heaven and earth, I implore Thee to help one of Thy creatures! oh, give me strength to bear the temptations and trials of this world with the right spirit! Guide my wandering feet, I pray Thee, until I reach the haven of rest! O Thou eternal One, help me to manifest pure love toward all my fellow-creatures, that when I am done with time I may enter on a blissful eternity.

First month 29th, 1863.—I have not been out of the yard since last summer, when I attended the funeral of Eliza Denike: that overcame me, and as I can be comfortable at home, I had better remain there until my health is improved. It is very hard sometimes, when I think how much I could enjoy myself; but there are many things for which I should be thankful to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. He knows what is right and best, and we poor, erring creatures see but faintly.

Second month 1st.—It is the sabbath-day,—the day that the mighty One, the Father of all, has said should be a day of rest, a day of prayer and meditation, a day for humbling ourselves before Him; but how little is it used as such? On this day a great many go to the house of God, but do they obey the commandment inwardly, or are they thinking of outward things? of things of the flesh, and not of the spirit,—not of God? Oh, may I consider what a privilege it is, if allowed again! I must leave off writing, as I desire to read a little in a work entitled "A Portraiture of Quakerism," which I think very interesting.

Fourth month 19th.—When I arose this morn-

ing, I was very fearful it was going to be stormy, as the look of the clouds threatened it, and so disappoint me in my intended visit to Uncle Isaac's; yet was determined to make the best of it, if such should be the case. But the firmament was soon clear and beautiful, a welcome sight, as I had not been out of the yard, with the exception of going to A. Gerow's (the next house), for eight months.

Fourth month 26th.—I follow my friends in thought to their place of worship, though I cannot go with them in body. My mind's eye pictures them all engaged in worshipping God, the great Creator and Author of all good.

Fifth month 10th.—It has been a lovely day, and I have been to meeting the first time for nine months. We had a very good meeting: William Hallock, Richard Miller, Henry Griffin, and Daniel Griffin spoke, and Abbie Jane Griffin appeared in supplication; and oh, what a beautiful prayer it was, beseeching the Author of all good in our behalf! O God, help me, I pray Thee, to be what she prayed for us to be!

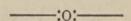
I do hope I shall be well enough to go to meeting now and then this summer: it seems good to be there. Tenth month 21st.—Attended meeting. Wm. Hallock said: "There are many worldly counsellors, and if our wills are our own, we are liable to be deceived by them; but if our wills are held in subjection to our heavenly Father, we shall receive sweet counsel, that will be enlivening and strengthening, and teach us to receive the good and reject the evil." How true,—let us pray for such counsel.

Jesse H. Griffin got clear of the draft: how very thankful we should be for the many blessings we receive in those dreadful war times. I am thankful on his account. Lida's brother is encamped on Randall's Island: he wears the military garb. They allow him to furnish his own provision, as he does not use the product of slave labor or animal food. Some say he will fight, if he is in danger of losing his life; but I do not think so. If his faith is firm, I trust he will be helped through to the last,—my warmest sympathy is called forth on his behalf. May God help and comfort him: if he feels that peace which the world cannot disturb, it will be well with him.

Eleventh month 22d.—At meeting, Henry Griffin and Jesse Hallock appeared in testimony. The former spoke of spiritual worship,—how unneces-

sary that vocal sounds should be heard in our assemblies; also, on the fleetness of time. Jesse spoke of the purity of truth, and how important that we should be its possessors. I had a good meeting, praying inwardly that the Father would help me to live a life more in accordance with the example set by the blessed Jesus.

Twelfth month 13th.—I feel very thankful that my eyes do not trouble me as much as they did last winter. A year ago they hurt me very much, since that time they have improved slowly: my eyes and forehead used to ache almost continually, so that I could not read, write, or sew in comfort, but I am thankful they are better.



Second month 21st, 1864.—Within the past few weeks I have read Jacob Ritter, which I think very interesting, and a portion of "Conversations on Religious Subjects;" I am now reading William Penn. It is not the first time,—I like it so well, that it seems ever new. How I wish there were more William Penns, or more men of like spirit: some of his conversations I think very interesting and instructive.

Second month 26th.—If I could express my feelings it might be a comfort to me to write, but I cannot; words seem almost inadequate to depict the feelings of the heart.

We have been to the funeral of Mary M. Hallock, who once was as full of life and hope as any of us. Oh, is it so! I can hardly realize that she is no more; but, as her aunt Abbie Jane said today, "Why should we mourn for her? She is better off,—her bark is safely moored on the everlasting shore." She told her friends not to weep for her, and seemed fully and perfectly resigned. My warmest sympathies are called forth on behalf of the bereaved husband, those sisters, and that little one. What a keen trial it must be to lose such a friend? that he may receive help and strength to bear it from our heavenly Father is my earnest prayer, looking to Him alone for comfort and consolation!

Dear little George will never know a mother's love: she has left him in the wide, wide world! He has no mother's hand to guide, or mother's counsel to help, him through life's travel; but he has kind friends, if they are spared him. Let us hope for the best,—hope, what a consolation!

Third month 16th.—Paulina Tompkins died

last night. When at the funeral of Mary M. Hallock, I looked around and thought that the next might be some one now gathered with us,—perhaps myself; yet I am spared. Neither is it one that was then with us, but is one from our midst. Oh, what is the true end of living? what should we live for, if not to serve God and prepare for death and peace, and everlasting rest? O Father, I pray Thee help us, we are poor, weak creatures, and in this world beset with many temptations.

Third month 25th.—My birth-day: I am nine-teen years of age, and what good have I done in these years? I ask myself this question,—may I consider it deeply. We should reflect thoroughly on what our parents and near relatives have done for us, and endeavor to repay them by every act of kindness and love that lies in our power. We should never give them a cross look or unpleasant word: may I be more thoughtful in the future.

Fifth month 1st.—So closes another day of our life, henceforth to be called the past, bringing us nearer eternity. How carefully should we spend each day, each moment,—being fearful of disobeying the will of our heavenly Father; but I fear we come far short of it,—yes, very far.

Fifth month 7th.—This day has been very beautiful, and Nature looks both bright and happy. How I love the beautiful spring-time,—the fields of grass, the creeping flowers, the blossoming trees; these are a few of the many things which make my heart feel joyful, and I think with the poet:—

"O Nature, now in every charm supreme! Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new! Oh, for the voice and fire of seraphim, To sing thy glories with devotion due!"

Fifth month 9th.—We are having an excellent visit with Aunt S—, but we miss Uncle Stephen so much; it seems as if I ought to see him also. I think I never realized his death so fully as now; but he was called to a glorious home, and I ask myself, Ought we not to be resigned to what our heavenly Father has decreed? My heart answers, Yes; but I know it is very hard. It must be a bitter, keen trial to her to lose such a near and dear friend; she has my warmest sympathies. If hard for me, what must it be for her? I hope and pray we may all meet again where partings are unknown.

Fifth month 11th.—We have not had much work

to do around the house, and had a very pleasant time with Aunt Sarah: how much I enjoyed her visit! I wonder if we will ever get another,—time will tell. How I wish I were like her in sweetness of temper, and in many other respects! It seems as if my life has been a long list of failures: may I be more diligent in the future, more watchful over every action!

Sixth month 16th.—How lovely and enchanting all nature appeared this morning, when father, mother, sister, and myself started to go to Uncle Thomas Van Hoesan's! We went by the way of Croton Dam, a place I had never seen before. I never saw such grand scenery until this morning. We passed Dale Cemetery, and I thought of the many who lie buried there, and how in times past they had occupied a place in society, and were as full of life and hope as any of us. I enjoyed the ride much, as I had not been there since I was six years of age, or anywhere else but close round home and to Peekskill: the lake looked beautiful, it was so still and calm.

Seventh month 15th.—The last lingering rays of the sun are shining in perfect radiance over the landscape, making a most beautiful scene from

our room window. Oh, how good God is to shower upon us so many blessings! Ann, Nettie, and myself have been alone this afternoon,—I read aloud some time, and I think we spent it pleasantly. My dear sister Nettie is a precious sister to me: I wonder if we will always enjoy life as much as we do at present? I think not: life cannot always be as bright. Surely, we have some trials, but they are not heavy ones, and I think we may lighten our burdens by making the best of everything.

I have heard old people say that youth is the spring-time of improvement. I believe in a great measure it is so: for then we are buoyant, and elastic with life and hope, and pleasant anticipations of a bright and happy future are before us. If in youth we cultivate a happy disposition, it will brighten our pathway, and make us thankful for every blessing we receive.

Eighth month 2d.—It is five minutes of three o'clock, and two o'clock was the time father set to start for Purchase Quarterly Meeting. Wright, Nettie, and myself have been ready some time; but for once father is behind-hand, and he was so afraid that we would be. I am glad I am going to Purchase Quarterly Meeting; my joy is almost

without bounds. Had thought for some time that I never should be well enough to go so far; perhaps it is rash now, but I think not,—so good-by, little book, until I come back.

Eighth month 4th.—I enjoyed the ride much, or it would have seemed longer, but found myself tired when out of the carriage.

Fourth-day morning.—I could hardly realize that I was in Purchase Meeting-house, for I have thought many times I should never get there.

Fifth-day.—When we arrived at Chappaqua depot, a freight-train stood in our way, and a passenger-train passed while we were waiting: it was quite a sight, as I do not remember seeing the cars since I was about six years of age. Shall I ever be strong enough to ride in them?

Eighth month 24th.—Father, sister Nettie, and myself attended meeting; Daniel H. Griffin spoke. I often think how very much our little meeting and his friends at large would miss him, if taken from us. Oh, that we may gain wisdom from his counsels and strength from his pleadings,—that we may heed his beautiful words of love and encouragement while he is yet with us! The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.

Eighth month 28th.—Attended meeting this morning: an inestimable blessing, of which many are deprived. How many blessings we have, and how little we appreciate them! When taken from us, and we enjoy them no more, we then perceive their worth. We may be as happy as earthly good can make us and prosperous, and the next day, by some reverse of fortune, be the opposite. True, very true, we are sure of nothing but death, and that must come, sooner or later; and happy is he who is found ready and waiting.

Ninth month 28th.—To-night we have been reading some old letters that Katie's mother wrote to our mother long, long ago: they were very interesting to us all,—probably more so than they were to mother when she received them,—and I am sure we have had a very nice time. My dear, dear mother! I wish I could remember more of her.

Tenth month 2nd.—It has been very rainy. I desired to go to meeting, it seems so long since I was there; but father did not think it best for me. I read several chapters in a book entitled, "The Young Woman's Guide to Excellence," and like it very much,—it has much excellent advice.

I feel quite recovered from my recent sickness. I do not remember having a doctor before, except when the disease in my limb has sickened me: if it were not for my lame back, my health could hardly be excelled,—a blessing of no small value, which I endeavor to appreciate. My eyes trouble me a great deal: for the past three years I have had to be very careful of them, and have done but little in the evening; I knit much. When sick and weak, I read too much; but they are gaining strength.

Tenth month 21st.—Attended meeting. It has been a lovely day,—still and quiet, and the vast heavens so calm and beautiful! How inexpressible are my feelings of reverence, as I look from nature up to nature's God, and admire the vast and wondrous earth, with all its beauties and sublimities!

Twelfth month 3rd.—We attended the funeral of our much-esteemed friend, and have seen for the last time the dear form of Harriet Louisa Fountain. My heavenly Father, I pray Thee that this afflicted family may receive strength, comfort, and guidance from Thy omniscient hand, and place on Thee their whole trust and confidence.

First month 1st, 1865.—The old year has fled and a new one commenced. It hardly seems possible that the year 1864 is gone, yet often will its sad or joyful remembrances steal into our hearts, and renew their impress.

"'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news."

First month 3rd.—Nothing in particular has occurred to disturb the quiet tenor of our lives, and I have been thinking how carefully we should live, that we might not set before others a wrong example; and there are many, many ways in which we may do this in our quiet homes.

First month 22d.—Attended meeting; Edward Ryder was there, and spoke. Just after meeting broke up, he detained us a few minutes by reading a petition to the "Good men and women of the North" for means to clothe, feed, and warm the colored people who have followed General Sherman in his march through Georgia. It was a good paper, portraying their intense suffering,—also a letter written by some one that had witnessed their destitution. If men would obey the Divine command, to "do unto others as ye would

they should do unto you," how much suffering would be relieved, how much love and good feeling would be promoted!

Second month 4th.—How necessary it is that in our youth we should cultivate a cheerful and happy disposition; it will shed sunshine and beauty on all around us. Pleasant words and smiling, cheerful faces are necessary to a happy home circle. It is my earnest wish and prayer that we may all strive to cultivate this, and learn to feel for others, and not be too selfish in our actions toward those around us. How different from this many act, in spreading discord, darkness, and gloom in the family, by saying many unpleasant things which stir up one's worst feelings, when they seem to wish and strive to be kind, gentle, and considerate. Such a disposition, if indulged in by youth, does much harm ere life's close. Oh, the fearful, mighty influence of a word harshly or thoughtlessly spoken! A pleasant word will touch rich, hidden chords in the soul, that respond in sweet, harmonious melodies. Be it ours to scatter kind words and winning smiles; to soothe the weary; to awaken the nobler, finer feelings; and in all things to perform well our mission; and so guard our lips that none may grieve in silence over our thoughtless expressions; and, above all, that we may enjoy the approving smiles of God.

Second month 12th.—Esther Weeks has an appointed meeting at the Orthodox Meeting-house, this afternoon: how much I would have liked to go. My best wishes follow her in her labors of love; and my earnest prayer is, that she may be the instrument of doing much good. Her being an Orthodox Friend makes no difference to me: if we only land safe on the other side, it matters little what name we bear. It seems to me that Friends, as well as others, permit names to separate them too much.

Third month 17th.—Melissa has been very full of fun all day, and I ache to-night with laughing so much,—do not know when I have laughed so much before. It has made carpet-rags go very pleasantly, for I must say it is not very agreeable employment. There are many things in this world which, though not altogether pleasant, are, nevertheless, necessary.

Third month 25th.—My birth-day,—I am now twenty years of age. It scarcely seems possible, but time flies swiftly; and when I meditate upon

the years passed in this "sphere of action," and consider how much better I might have done, I pray God to help me improve. Oh, how little we can do in our own strength!

Fourth month 8th.—Most earnest is my wish and prayer that not another battle be fought, nor another arm raised against the Union; and, if so willed, that peace shall reign triumphant over this free country, may we be sufficiently thankful and appreciate the great blessing, after having been gained at such a fearful loss of life. Can it be possible that the time will ever come "when wars and rumors of wars" shall reach our ears no more? Oh, happy, thrice happy, shall we be!

Fourth month 15th.—I feel as if I had lost a near and dear friend; and who would not, after hearing the appalling, dreadful news which to-day's paper has brought us of the assassination of our beloved President Lincoln? When the whole country was so jubilant over the late great victories, it is an awful blow to have him, who was almost idolized by the loyal people of the North, so suddenly taken from us,—from the nation to whom he has been so dedicated! Let us strive bravely to bear this great affliction.

Fifth-day.—When cleaning the closets, I found a paper dated April 16th, 1861; part of the heading was,—"War Begun; The Bombardment of Fort Sumter; 75,000 Militia Called For," &c. I put it, with proud and pleased feelings, beside one dated April 4th, 1865, and headed, "Grant! Richmond! Victory!" and another, April 10th, "Surrender of Lee and his Whole Army." Little did I think that the 15th would come draped in mourning, announcing the death of our beloved President.

Seventh month 14th.—I have arisen quite early this morning, and am now sitting in our room, which, we think, is both nice and pleasant. The open window admits a most refreshing breath of early morning's balmy air. It is lovely out: if I could walk, I think I should much enjoy a ramble this morning, and it might strengthen me; but, thanks be to Almighty God! although I have some afflictions, many blessings still brighten my pathway.

Seventh month 15th.—How any human being can be so inhuman as to sell liquor to such creatures as poor Ann, seems strange to me, but there are many such in this world. For her my sym-

pathies are aroused: she has had a great deal of trouble, and, perhaps, this first led her to drink. Had I been alone, I should not have had the least idea as to what was the matter, for I never saw any woman intoxicated before. She has worked faithfully, and been kind and pleasant to all of us. When I retire, I shall think a great deal of poor Ann instead of sleeping; I hope she may not be out all night.

Seventh month 16th.—Poor, wretched Ann is a wanderer on the face of the earth,—how I wish I knew where she is. I think a great deal about her, and other poor victims of the same dreadful habit. Heavenly Father, I pray Thee strengthen me, that I may be able to overcome all those propensities which I know to be wrong; and these poor, weak beings, oh, that they might have power to resist their many temptations! I pray Thee, look upon our wrong doings with mercy and pity.

Twelfth month 31st.—This is, indeed, the last day of the closing year, and when I reflect upon the events that have happened, and the many that still lie hidden in the distant future, it makes me more thoughtful. Very thankful am I that the close of the present year will be memorable in the

annals of history, as the epoch in which the stain of slavery—the guilt of human bondage—was obliterated from our great nation:—

"Good-bye, strange year, so fierce and yet so tender,—
So hot with battle and so blind with tears;
To-day is thine,—to-night the Almighty Lender
Resumes thee back into the timeless years,—
Good-bye."

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First month 1st, 1866.—As I stand upon the threshold of a new year, what feelings of gladness and thankfulness thrill my heart when I consider that peace, blessed peace, has again been restored to our land, and, as an accompaniment to this blessing, the declaration that slavery is forever dead in the United States,—that we are now a free people!

Second month 4th.—After meeting closed, John J. Cornell came and spoke to me for the last time for this visit, bade me farewell and promised to write when or after he got home. I also parted with Judith, hoping that not many years might elapse ere we meet these loved ones again: certain I am that this visit or his words will not be soon

forgotten. Yet, so uncertain is life, we may never meet again in this world, for little do we know what the morrow may bring forth: the present is truly all we possess of time,—oh, that we may improve it as a precious gift!

Second month 20th.—I think I never woke to a more lovely morning at this time of the year: the sky has been clear and beautiful all day. It lightens my feelings, and my heart shouts for joy when I behold such unmistakable evidence of God's goodness and love for His children. John J. Cornell said, we might think we appreciated our many mercies, but if we knew not of serving the bountiful Giver, if we were not willing to do all things for His sake, we could not feel sufficiently thankful.

Why is it that I cannot see clearer? why should my vision be veiled in such thick, heavy clouds? Oh, that I may sometime feel and know them to be cleared away; but I am almost discouraged, and would be quite, did I not know that there is One mighty to save. I have many feelings that I long to write here, but do not, as I would keep them secret, and this book is often seen.

Third month 1st.—How glad I am that Spring has come! I enjoy all seasons,—all have their pe-

culiar beauty to my ever-wondering gaze,—but with particular longing do I hail the coming of Spring and Summer. Glory be to God, the bountiful giver of our blessings!

"But oh! eternity's too short To utter all Thy praise."

Third month 25th.—My twenty-first birth-day. I have tried to be dignified, as becomes my age, but dignity is not one of my acquirements, and I cannot command it, especially when a person as lively as Cousin William is around, and continually upsetting it. When I look back and think of the many changes, I wonder where or how twenty-one years may find me; but I cannot raise the curtain and look into the depths beyond, so will try to be content with the future as time reveals it.

Fifth month 1st.—It would seem to me almost a miracle if I could be cured. For years I have clung to the hope, but lately I have given it up, and endeavor not to disturb my usual calmness under the affliction by vain hopes and anticipations. If I have sometimes murmured, the thought has soon followed that I have been dealt with all too well,—far better than I ever deserved,—while others labor under much more severe afflictions,

and have not the comforts of life which I possess, nor such kind friends.

Fifth month 15th.—It has been a lovely day: how thankful should we be to the great Giver! Everything without speaks, in language too plain to be mistaken, of His omnipotent goodness: trees, plants, and shrubs are clothed in an exquisite beauty of bright green leaves, and several kinds of flowers have peeped forth to tell us of the gentle spring-time; many kinds of fruit-trees are also heavily laden with fragrant blossoms,—joyfully promising a good time coming: I am almost impatient now as I think of the delightful fruit borne on those trees. The little birds are filled with melody, seemingly partaking of, and surely increasing with their sweet notes, the general joy. Before sitting down to sew, this afternoon, I placed a flowering anemone in front of me: it is perfectly lovely,—the little delicate pink flowers peeping out from the green leaves. This same plant has bloomed every spring-time since I can remember, and I have been wondering this afternoon if it was placed there by my mother's hands. How often does the thought of that dear mother come up before me, and frequently I wish that we had some picture to tell us, plainer than we can remember how she looked. Some people say that all pictures are foolishness, but I think they are far from it. I have a photograph album, and I feel pleasure in turning over its leaves and thinking of the many dear ones whose features are there portrayed.

Seventh month 10th.—Rinsed the clothes this morning, and I have done almost all the ironing this afternoon. We all work very hard; but I have been very well this summer, and hope I may continue so. I spoke to father and mother last First-day evening about going to Dr. Mann's, in New York city, or at least of first going to see A-M-, whom we heard had been there and was cured: I wish to see her, hear what she has to say about it, and know if she would advise me to go. I said nothing about it to them before, as I knew I could not go this summer, and I wished to consider it thoroughly before I spoke of it. I am young now, and very strong considering the disease I have labored under nearly all my life; if it could be eradicated I should be very glad, and feel it right to make the trial.

Tenth month 27th.—Attended meeting. Daniel H. Griffin spoke at length, mostly on the words of

the inspired penman: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved,"—he that believeth that God is in all and over all, a just and righteous judge, and is baptized, not with an outward or elementary baptism, but with fire and the Holy Ghost, shall be saved. Touchingly did he speak of the dark life without this belief and this baptism,—that, even if all earthly enjoyments were ours, there would be at times a heavy, sad feeling, a longing for purer, better things. Would that I were one of Thine, O Father! The wisdom of God is righteous altogether.

Eleventh month 3rd.—Nettie is to go to school at Oswego Village, Dutchess county. I tried to coax our folks to let me go also, as I have never been satisfied with the education I have, and I do wish to go very much; but I shall try to look on "the sunny side of life," and get along as well as possible. I know at times it will be hard, and I shall feel very lonesome and desolate without the company and gentle words of my darling sister; but I have many things to comfort me, and these I must think of in times of deepest trial.

Twelfth month 2nd.—I miss very much my sister's gentle presence and loving arm, ever ready to

support me. We were almost always together, and she seemed nearly a part of myself; but patience, they say, worketh miracles, and I will try to command a small share, trusting in due time we shall meet again: she has four months more to stay, and to look thus far ahead, seems a long time.

HALLOCK'S MILLS, Twelfth month 16th.

My own darling Cousin:—"Life without love is a cheerless strife, and true love is rarely given." These words were, perhaps, spoken or written by affianced lovers, but are they not appropriate?—making no difference what we are to each other. It is love the same, and true love, which neither time nor distance, prosperity nor adversity, can change. Yes, dear cousin, though distance may separate the body, it cannot the mind. Often do thy face and form visit me in imagination, and as often the time of our parting comes vividly before me, and I wonder when, if ever, we shall meet again.

Thy kind letter was received in due season, and I assure thee it was hailed with pleasure, and its contents eagerly perused: we were glad to hear that thou feels a little better. Dear cousin, the hope I have ever had of being cured is about gone, and I shall be for life thy poor, crippled,

deformed, dependent relation; but I will be a true and loving one; and though I may be deprived of some things, yet hope I may be truly thankful for the many blessings so constantly showered on me.

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Second month 3rd, 1867.—Writing to her sister H., after speaking of the death of a cousin, she says:—How hard to realize that this must be the end of all earthly existence! and how strange that we, knowing this so fully, should still, after repeated warnings, place our minds, our affections, our vain imaginations, on things which fleeting time will so soon take away. Oh, that we might come to our true senses, that we might place our hearts on that eternal Rock, which shall never pass away! O Lord, I pray Thee, help us poor, weak, irresolute beings; diffuse through us Thy holy spirit, Thy unbounded, never-failing love!

Second month 8th.—Cousin Mamie Horton has yielded up her short life,—"dust to dust,"—yes, in youth's bright sunny days; but if thy name, dear cousin, be written in "the Lamb's book of life," it is well with thee, and thou shalt inherit, as is promised, "a crown of life."

Second month 17th.—O sister, I have ardently wished that I might live a higher, purer life, and I wish it tenfold more now, after witnessing the resigned, peaceful state of my Uncle D-'s mind. Truly all seems peace, -nothing disturbs, nothing mars it; outward things could scarce penetrate its deep, hidden folds. O sister, if I could but be a Christian,—a true inward, living Christian; but ah, the world! it intoxicates, it crazes, the brain! I feel that I could give up all that is required, but it is not a lasting feeling,—at least, there is not enough depth to it; and there is so much outward continually drawing the mind from where it should be! It is truly dreadful, when I solemnly realize it, to think of living thus, when all might be swept away in a moment! Shall I ever be able to say:-

"Yet am I not at all dismayed,
But vow to do the whole;
I know on whom all help is laid,
And He's redeemed my soul"?

Third month 10th.—Dear Lida! are we never again to see her gentle, loving face? No; for the last time we have seen thee lying in the coffin, with such a calm, tranquil expression resting on those white and pure features, and now they are consigned to the tomb. Dear little Willie,—may

he meet his angel-mother in heaven, and Jesse be resigned, hard as it seems, to the Lord's will.

I have heard able men,—men whom I deeply loved, respected, and admired, and longed to be like, but never heard any one that so touched my inmost feelings as Abel Hull has, to-day, at Lida's funeral. Well do I know, as he said, that it must be a humble, broken, contrite spirit to be taught of God: we must in earnest, heart-felt prayer beseech Him to feed us with "the sincere milk of the Word;" for nothing, worse than nothing, does living avail, if we win not Christ,—but, if the reverse, oh, what a glorious eternity! Yet at times I almost despair of reaching this blessed haven; my heart is so far from what it should be; yet I know, if I do not, there will only be myself to blame. Such a death-bed as dear Lida's,—is it not glorious thus to triumph over death, hell, and the grave?

Third month 17th.—I hope to spend a week from to-night in the long-looked for company of my darling sister: I wonder if it will really seem natural, she has been gone so long. What is life at best, but a continually changing scene,—a few short, fleeting years; that is, as to the outward: what is there really worth craving for, but this

more enduring substance, this far exceeding and eternal weight of glory? But this work of the heart is a great work: how thoroughly it must be cleansed before it is acceptable in the Divine sight. Very earnestly, during the past week, I have asked Him, who is in all and through all, to help me in this work; for well do I know that of myself I can do nothing, and have faith to believe that, as long as I put my trust in Him, He will not forsake me. But the flesh is weak, and I tremble lest I should fall back.

Am I low enough in spirit yet, to ask rightly? I greatly fear not. O Lord, wilt Thou help me to be humble,—help me to put unwavering faith in Thee! for pride and the world I find yet greatly unsubdued in me; and Thou alone can fill my heart with pure and fervent breathings for inward life! Oh, make me tremble before Thee! cause my soul to feel true repentance in Thy sight!

Third month 22nd.—When I think that Nettie will be home to-morrow, my heart throbs; and I hardly dare to think much, so uncertain are human calculations. Just think what we were doing twenty weeks ago to-night, and what a hurry she got ready in,—how I felt after she left, and how much better I have got along than I expected!

Third month 31st.—At the close of the meeting, Daniel H. Griffin offered a prayer unto the Throne of Grace, I trust encouraging to our spiritual growth: I am at times under close exercise, but do not feel at liberty to express the same. I pray the all-wise God to be ever with me, and keep me from what I so much fear,—falling back.

Fourth month 11th.—Yesterday I was troubled by the fear that my faith was not strong enough, as I dread the consequences of such religion. Life itself seems a mystery,—it is so wonderful: things that we see, feel, taste, and know by our senses, we cannot understand. The air we breathe, the food we eat, the ground we walk on, is all a mystery to us; and I have faith to believe there is a gracious God, the author and finisher of all this. O Father, I pray Thee increase my faith, also my love for Thee; for this I do sincerely desire, far above all earthly good: truly earthly happiness and all the glory this vain world can give, is nothing compared with Thy smile.

Fourth month 14th.—Attended meeting with, I trust, some encouragement. While sitting therein, I was revolving in my mind somewhat of the situation of my poor soul, and praying that I might

know of my sins being forgiven, when a sweet feeling covered my mind and, I thought, an assurance that it would all be right in time, if I kept faithfully on my way. I have mourned many times because my sins troubled me too little, and wonder if I am really sincere; but I do know I feel different, and am sure that pride—my great sin—through many prayers and tears, and the goodness of a gracious Father, is in part conquered; but, oh! I pray to be kept continually watching against temptation, and earnestly hope that my faith in and love for God may greatly increase, as it is not what I feel it ought to be,—no, far from it; He is truly all love and goodness.

Fourth month 27th.—My mind of late has been much drawn from the true centre,—what a poor, sinful creature I am.

Fifth month 5th.—Attended meeting; but, oh! I cannot express my feelings this afternoon: I fear I am on the brink of discouragement; shall I ever come to the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ? my thoughts are so mixed and confused. I have been reading the Journal of John Comly, where he says:—"The dedicated mind learns to know and distinguish between the Divine voice or reve-

lation, and every resemblance of it that may arise in the imagination. A separation is made between the motions or movings of the Spirit and the notions of the creature." So my mind is not a truly dedicated one, and this is the reason why I am in so much doubt and discouragement. I pray God that He may bring me out of all doubt, and place me on firm ground. I long to be more devoted, that all the energies of my soul and body might be given to His glorious cause.

Fifth month 27th.—Attended Yearly Meeting: I walked all the way from Cousin Egbert Macey's to Hamilton Ferry, and enjoyed the crossing very much. The scene was beautiful; then we walked a little way and took the stage, and I enjoyed the ride through Broadway: it caused me to think of the last part of the poem on "Flora McFlimsey." The soldiers were out training, and we stopped once or twice to let them pass. It would be called a grand sight,—I never saw such before,—but it made me feel sad. I thought what sad hearts there might be under some of those bright uniforms, and though I am very thankful we have no war now, yet the very thoughts of it are shocking. We saw a fire company going to a fire, and many other things I had heard of, among the rest the foot-bridge over Broadway. At the end of the ride we had a short walk to reach Fifteenth street Meeting-house,—it is very large.

I am writing in the meeting-house by one of the far windows. Rachel Tilton spoke to me after meeting, and said it did her good to see me here; that she thought we had been favored with spiritual food; that I was one of the Lord's chosen ones, and that I felt it to be so. It made me sad to hear her talk thus, but I could say nothing. If she knew my feelings, she would think differently,-would that I had a good opportunity to tell her, for I cannot bear to be so misjudged; but words would scarce express my feelings. I must compose myself, or people will notice me and think I have, what I am so far from possessing, an allabsorbing love, pure faith, and an indwelling reconciliation with my Creator. There is so much deception, so much hypocrisy in the world, that it confuses me. I hear professing Christiansofficial members of Society—talk about people not dressing plain, and of not being consistent, who, I have reason to think, take more pride in their dress than those whom they talk of. I believe in plainness, but like to see other things correspond; and well know that there is a perversion of the principle, but that does not make it the less pure.

The great Judge looketh at the heart: instead of looking at others, may I seek to become pure, by listening to the teachings of that Spirit who alone can make me so. Oh, may I listen in quietness to its teachings,—may I feel, in reverential awe, the greatness of the care of such a Being! But I am too outward, too insincere,—I am sure it is so; I do not feel as I could wish toward my heavenly Father, who cares for me, and the present moment is alone mine; still I am looking for better things at some future time, instead of being sufficiently concerned now,—what can I do?

Spoke to Mary Haines after meeting, and thanked her for their pictures; she also spoke to me something in the same style as Rachel Tilton: she is a lovely woman, I think. Went with Louisa Miller to the basement of the men's meeting-house to get dinner, which was of very good, substantial food.

Fourth-day morn.—Rachel Hicks spoke beautifully yesterday afternoon. She said, the question often arose with many why these natural desires and propensities were placed within us, that it was necessary and took so much labor to overcome; and further, that she had not the least doubt but a gracious and all-wise God had done this for a great and good purpose; that as labor was good and necessary for the health and growth of our

animal bodies, so it was with the spiritual. This has been a great question with me, and, as I see the faith in others and that their sight is so plain, I trust the cloud may be removed from my eyes; but I cannot see now. True, I believe that salvation may be obtained by all; but, from our belief that true religion is simple, and that the heart must be enlisted before there is any reality, from what we see and hear around us every day, we have reason to believe it is obtained only by few in comparison with those that take the broad road; for the Scriptures declare, that the way that leads to life is narrow. Now, why should this be so? It seems so much easier to be worldly than religious,—I mean, that this influence is so unbounded. But I am not doing right to feel so, I am sure: for what right have I, poor worm that I am, to question the work of an Almighty God? I must not allow myself to be bewildered by such questions: I am sure I do not wish to, but the evil one, or something, presents them to me. I do not wish to deceive myself, and think that I have pure faith, love, and all this, when I am almost sure I have them not. It is truly dreadful to write this, but I do so long to possess them; and, as God is good, and is all love, I hope I shall enjoy them, if I am only preserved in patience.

There has been much exercise felt all through the meeting for the young people, that they might claim the Lord for their leader and come forth in His most holy cause. Rachel Hicks, Ann Townsend, and Deborah Wharton spoke feelingly about it, and Phebe W. Foulke prayed so earnestly at the close of the meeting that we might be enabled to let our light shine before men, that my spirit could respond to her feelings. I think I never felt more reverence and awe during a time of holy prayer,—never felt more fully our littleness and God's greatness.

Fifth day.—I purchased a book for children, "Conversations on the Queries;" I think such books should be in Friends' families more than they are. Children are urged not to read pernicious books, but, of course, they must read something inviting to the childish mind; this one is very interesting to me. After meeting adjourned, I went up and bade Mary Haines farewell. She wished me to be a good girl; I told her I would try, but felt the discouragements many; she said, she had felt it to be so, but urged me to press on, and she had faith to believe I would receive a reward, and felt sure God was ever near, endeavoring to win me to Himself, perhaps when I was least aware of it.

NEW YORK MEETING-HOUSE, Fifth month 29th, 1867.

LIBBIE dear.—It is now Fourth-day afternoon: I have left my friends to be by myself, and, by the way, add a little to my letter. The mingled sound of numerous voices shall not disturb my quiet; oh, Libbie, if I could experience more quiet,-quiet of soul! Rachel Tilton spoke so beautifully of what a solemn thing it is to live; and oh, that this realization was more a daily and hourly experience! I long to live closer to my God, and often wonder if all have such struggles between the flesh and the spirit as I have. The natural desires are very strong, and it seems so hard to keep on the watch; but without this hope it would be a bitter thing to live; so I try to struggle on, or my Lord sweetly leads me on; but I go forward with many a weak and faltering step, and often, very often, am I ready to say, Shall I ever be established in the blessed Truth? My soul so longs to be freed from the dominion of earthly powers, but, darling, I feel that I am very far from it. Yet there is very much to encourage us,—then let us not falter.

The First-day School Association is to meet this evening. I do want to stay so much, but father does not seem to think it best; I almost trust some way may be made,—I suppose it will, if it is best.

My dear, it is sweet to think our Father's presence is not confined to meetings, or large assemblings, but in our quiet rooms He is just as precious as here with the multitude; how it depends on us! Even here, at times, while gathered in such a precious, solemn manner, my mind has been shrouded in coldness and much deadness. Oh, what a trial! and I fear it is caused by unfaithfulness, but we cannot expect the crown unless we labor.

Fourth-day afternoon the Indian Report was read, and was very interesting. The meeting was much enjoyed, though not as much as the one next morning, which was truly a season of deep feeling for me, and of much encouragement; tears come to my eyes now, as I remember it, with heart-felt thankfulness. O Libbie, if thou could have been there, and enjoyed it with me! but let us trust that, in some way, it was all for the best. Elizabeth Comfort, who had been silent before, spoke at length and beautifully; Phebe W. Foulke, Wealthy Russell, and others very feelingly, and Catharine Foulke was very much affected as she urged us to faithfulness, and spoke of an incident in her life which was deeply touch-

ing. Then two of the Epistles were read, which added much to my enjoyment, they were so excellent; the others read in the afternoon were also very good,—I think I never heard better.

The close of the meeting was very solemn; it truly seemed mantled with a precious and holy covering, even our Father's spirit. How beautiful and precious the thought that Christ is ever near to uphold and strengthen His devoted followers; that, even though we pass through many trials, if we trust in Him, He will enable us to overcome the world, as He has overcome; but those who have no hope in Christ, to whom can they look for help?

I had a letter from Charlie Briggs the week before last, which did me much good. He wrote he was very miserable, had not rode out but once in over a week, but says he tries to think it is all for the best, and not to grieve over his situation, but to look to God for support. I feel very thankful for this, and the expression of it: I was quite sure that he felt it before. Though I may never see my dear friend again on earth, may we meet in that land that needs not the light of the sun, nor the moon, for the Lord God and the Lamb are the light thereof. Glorious hope!

I attended the First-day School Association,

and father went too. When I asked him at noon he seemed willing. I was pleased, and enjoyed it very much: the meeting was very interesting. It was advised that some of the talent of New York Yearly Meeting should be turned to the subject of writing books suitable for children: if I was capable, how I should like to help in this much needed labor. There are some beautiful little books now, and I think we should try to get such for our little ones as teach the Truth in its simplicity, but I wish that our Yearly Meeting could help in this work. There is one thing that troubles me much, and that is, our young people, with hardly an exception or but very few, do not show the simplicity—that word suits me better than plainness—in their dress that the times and the Christian religion so loudly call for. Time, that should be precious, is thus wasted: it is sad, very sad to me. But plainly do I see deficiencies in myself, and long to be a better example,—to be freed from the dominion of sin.

Lovingly thine,
PHEBE M. HALLOCK.

Sixth month 25th.—Attended meeting. Daniel H. Griffin spoke, and much I thought to my state and condition of mind, which I do not feel proper

to describe here. Suffice it to say, that all as to the spiritual life seems in darkness, bewilderment, and wonder, and I often query with myself, Shall I ever be delivered from this condition? I am fearful of approaching my heavenly Father in prayer in a light trifling manner, as I question almost my own sincerity; for true, acceptable prayer requires a sacrifice of the whole heart, and this I long to give; but I am so blinded that I cannot see. Is it my own fault? it must be, for God is all love.

Eighth month 11th.—On getting home, I found a letter from Almira Hull, also a small sheet enclosed from Abel. I will copy his here, but first what I wrote to him about three months ago:—

HALLOCK'S MILLS, Fifth month 12th, 1867.

Cousin Abel.—While hearing thy testimony to Truth, as held forth in our meetings while thou was with us, I was led, as I have often been before, earnestly to desire a purer inward spiritual life: how often have I craved the true saving knowledge of Jesus Christ! Especially since thou was with us have I prayed for this. All things earthly so soon savor of decay, are only the subjects of fickle time, that I long to have an inheritance in that exceeding weight of glory that en-

dureth for ever. I said, I have prayed earnestly for this, and though I believe it is the heavenly Father's good pleasure to give us the kingdom, and know that true religion is pronounced by its followers to be a most simple thing, still at times I am so confused and unsettled in mind that I can scarce account for it, unless it is that I am not wholly dedicated. I believe it is this, but oh, shall I ever become so? Sometimes I am entirely carried away, and then I doubt whether I am really in earnest at all; there seems to be a holding back in my mind, my feelings are not intense enough; I must die to the world before I can live in Christ. I must feel that the blood of Christ hath cleansed my sin; and how can I forward this work? My repentance in grieving the Holy Spirit is not, I am sure, sincere enough to warrant forgiveness. With many prayers and tears have I asked for help, for strength, for firmness of purpose, that the spirit of the world might be crucified in me; but "to will" is ever present with me. I was reading in John Comly's Journal the other day, where he says: "The dedicated mind learns to know and distinguish between the Divine voice or revelation, and every semblance of it that may arise in the imagination: a separation is made between the motions or movings of the Spirit and

the notions of the creature." Even though he transforms himself as an angel of light, the dedicated mind can discern it. Yet the flesh is so weak, and the temptations and discouragements so many, that I greatly fear I shall never become what I so long to be; but I must lean entirely on His arm who alone can save. I thought perhaps thou could give me some encouragement, so, if it seems right, please answer soon.

PHEBE M. HALLOCK.

Eighth month 6th, 1867.

PHEBE M. HALLOCK:-

Beloved young friend.—Since my Almira has opened the way a little, I will pen thee a few lines by way of reply to thy good letter of Fifth month last. It echoed the breathings of an honest, seeking heart, seeking the right way to the kingdom of peace, which is vouchsafed to every pilgrim that perseveres and holds out to the end. Remember this, dear child! It is the end, where the crown immortal is to be obtained. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread:" so stands the record, and such is my experience. As my eyes traced the lines thou penned, describing thy feelings and thy yearnings, all that is capable of feeling within me was touched with desires that thou, and all

the family of man, when the fire of devotion is kindled upon your hearts by the Spirit and Breath of the Highest, may let it burn, until all that is of the earth (or, in other words, self and self-right-eousness—brains' offering) be consumed. Then, and not till then, will old things pass away, and all things be to us as new.

In describing thy own feelings and desires after spiritual knowledge, thou usest hypothetical language, but thy deductions so fully and clearly answer it all, that I pass on to give (as thou rather invitest it) some advice, namely: Go to the closet of thy heart (for Christ is there), and cast thy crown (earthly desires) at thy Saviour's feet. He (blessed be His name!) will do what man or mortal cannot do for thee. Again, thou sayest: "At times I am so confused and unsettled in mind;" from experience I can testify, this is to keep the creature in its place,—a full and steady dependence upon Divine aid. We should bear in mind that this is a state of probation, and trials (the Cross) are necessary for our purification. Not a just man made perfect whose breast has not been wrung with anguish, nor an angel in heaven who has not wept scalding tears; therefore, as Christ suffered, let us be willing also to suffer. So sayeth and prayeth thy friend, ABEL A. HULL. Ninth month 4th.—We attended meeting, and I must say it was a good meeting to me. Time after time is my heart filled full to overflowing, and I say, God is good, so good to me, why does He not leave my often very rebellious heart to its wanderings, instead of continually reminding me of Himself? It is said that He is all love, and I trust I am experiencing it, though there is much to bewilder, and I have labored long under this troubling influence that is of vain reasoning and whisperings of the tempter. Is He goodness sufficient to forgive it all?

Ninth month 9th.—I commenced reading Janney's History of Friends.

Ninth month 13th.—We all attended Monthly Meeting. After meeting, Amy W. Griffin asked me if I did not feel like being the Preparative Meeting Clerk. I expected it and had thought about it much, but had come to no conclusion; so I told her I could not say that I did. She seemed kind, and did not urge it upon me, but told me to think of it. It hardly seems that it can be right for me to take an active part in the Society, as I consider the state of my mind and what it has been so long. We, as a body, profess to be led

and guided by the unerring Spirit of Truth, which can lead and guide into all truth, but it is fearful to think how far we come short of it, and how many occupy high positions in the Society with which their life and conversation does not accord. I fear that I hardly know the A B C of religion,—pure, true religion,—my heart is so evil, my imaginations so bewildering. True, I crave it earnestly and deeply, and at times think I am making a little progress, but I fear it is really little, if any.

Ninth month 19th.—Last First-day I told Amy that I had thought about the position a good deal, and felt that I could not possibly take it at present; she said she would not urge it upon me. I feel that I cannot do what seems so very wrong; it seems to me the same as making a public profession, and I despise anything hypocritical. I know it is customary for young birth-right members to be urged to take a part in the business meetings, but until I feel this unerring Spirit in a measure as my guide, I think it would be wrong. Within the few weeks past I have felt deeply what a high and holy profession our Society is making before the world, and so many seem anxious to build up the forms and keep up the outward appearance, while we have reason to believe the one thing

really needful, the indwelling Spirit, is sadly neglected. I think it was George Fox who told William Penn, when he wished to join the Society, that our religion was the hardest in the world. Yes, it must be the hardest in one sense, but when really and truly experienced, how easy, how wholly pure and true, it must be! Oh, how I long to be its possessor; but so many things have troubled me, as almost to make me doubt the goodness of God. This was really terrible, but how could I help it? At times I feel that He is very good to me, but when I look around and see so many living without God in the world, I wonder why He "ever suffered sin to rise"? why death-bed agonies are ever experienced without His presence? why it is not so easy to be good as to be wicked? why passions are placed within us that will wholly overcome us? Surely it is not our wish, -we did not ordain it. At times such questions will arise with overpowering weight: not so much lately, since I have tried so hard to trust, though I cannot see, and to have faith that, if I persevere, our God will make it plain. Yesterday, while sitting in meeting, it seemed to me that God must be all goodness and love, else why should His subjects be so? Like begets like, and bad does not beget good; for truly righteous people, as far as they follow Christ,

are they not the personification of all that is gentle, merciful, lovable, and good? Yes, God must be good; how joyful it made me feel. I knew it must be so, but I desired to feel it. This seems really strange for me to write; but I have strange feelings, and often wonder if any one else ever felt thus. It is hard work—almost impossible—to express in words what I wish to write here.

Tenth month 20th.—Attended meeting. Daniel, Henry, and Jesse preached. The first two seemed almost to speak to my state; I was much affected, but how I lack the all-absorbing love which is necessary for a Christian! I fear I am almost yielding to discouragement. I would that I could say from my heart, I am nothing, but Thou art all. Infinite purity, everlasting goodness!!

Tenth month 22d.—I have thought some of J. Hallock's description of worship on First-day, and how, almost if not quite unconsciously, many of us are worshipping the world and the things of it instead of God, in more ways than one. I have often felt that it was my duty to wait upon God, to "be still" as if in His holy presence, more than I do. Surely, I am always in His presence; but in silence, in quiet waiting, I feel it much more.

Many little things hindered me much of the time past; meetings were almost the only solemn, prayerful, waiting seasons that I have had, and perhaps I have called those seasons by too high a name, but I know they are deeply affecting ones to me. Truly I think I am worshipping the world instead of God,—dreadful thought!

Eleventh month 19th.—Father finished reading Ann Byrd. I think it an excellent book, and trust I have received some encouragement and instruction. Oh, for a true faith in and love for God as pure as hers! but I suffer much discouragement. Much I do not write here for fear of laying it in the paths of others.

Twelfth month 4th.—Father, mother, and I attended meeting. As Anne Purdy was not there, Aunt wished to know if I would not officiate as clerk. I told her I did not wish to be obstinate about it, and would not refuse under the circumstances. After meeting was out, Hannah said I must not say a word against it, and that I would make a good clerk, &c. I said I thought something more was needed than just the ability to read, to which she did not reply. I would like to be very sure that I feel rightly concerning this

great subject: I want to respect the wishes of my friends; but they do not know all, and I think I am right about it. I have felt very thankful that I was free from any position in the Society at times, when my feelings, my better judgment, have been so nearly overwhelmed with doubtings and discouragements. I hope that, instead of dishonoring a society whose principles I love, I may some day feel that, as was felt formerly, my foundation is the Everlasting Rock; but my faith is faint, and I am not quite sure but it grows fainter and weaker week after week. I hope not, but I seem to be so completely outward, and so little inwardly concerned.

Twelfth month 22d.—I think I have not missed attending every meeting for over six months before. Considering the many advantages and blessings I am the recipient of, how strange that my mind still remains in this dark, unsettled state! They have preaching down at Van Houten's this afternoon. There is one thing that seems strange to me among professors of Christianity, that is, such an unsocial feeling. We certainly allow that, if the religion is of the heart, there are Christians in all societies, and do we think that all were intended to, or should, be Quakers? There are so

many different stages of religious experience, and people look at religious matters from so many different standpoints, but this sectional society feeling I fear, in too many instances, has a tendency to scatter instead of gather. I admire and love the principle of a free Gospel ministry, and there is something joyful in the thought that God is able to teach His people Himself, but I must be liberal and charitable in my feelings toward other societies.

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First month 1st, 1868.—Yes, to-day, we stand upon the threshold of a New Year. I have been deeply impressed as I have wondered what of good or ill lies buried in its bosom for me. Oh, that, while standing within its portals, the scales might be removed from my eyes, though they may be of my own putting on; it must in a measure be so, poor, miserable being that I am! I thought this morning, would that I might keep its leaves pure and unblotted; and then thought that every day, hour, and minute was, as it came, a new one to me, and how necessary that I should strive more and more to keep them unstained by sinful deeds. I was reading yesterday morning the fortieth chapter of Isaiah, and found the last verse

particularly instructive; I think never before was this verse presented to me with such force:-"But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." Oh, how we suffer for want of this renewal! this spirit of waiting and watching,—at least I do. A week ago to-day, while in meeting, I was thinking over my deplorable condition, and longing earnestly for a feeling of love toward my heavenly Father; darkness so prevailed within me, that it seemed extinguished: and what so necessary to lead us on as love? without it, what a miserable blank and failure are our lives? After meeting I thought I felt a little more light, but I am so unfaithful; who can strengthen me but Christ, and do I doubt His all-sufficiency?

I fixed the new Almanac and hung it up this evening, and father has been reading to us "The Life of Lincoln," a very interesting book. If our American people would acquaint themselves with the lives and characters of such truly great men as he, I think it would be better than much of the light reading that is afloat, which has a tendency to draw our minds away, rather than centre them to the stern realities and duties of life, for it is no fairy dream.

First month 6th.—Mother went down to Gerow's this morning, and told me that the doctor informed Melissa's mother he thought Melissa was running right down with hasty consumption. I wrote to Melissa a short time ago, and told her she must be very careful, for life at best was but a slender thread; but I little thought of this so soon, though I knew she had a slender constitution. My love for her is no varying shadow; and this afternoon, when the first burst of grief at such a sad prospect had passed over, I went down to see her.

Second month 6th.—Uncle Gilbert's people desired me to go home with them very much, but I could not think of such a thing, for a moment, on Melissa's account. How thankful should I be for my strength and health, and strive to live every day to my God; but I do not, as I should. Spiritually I am very miserable,—O Lord, pity me, who am so unworthy!

Second month 28th.—I am sitting with Melissa; it is late in the evening, and all the rest have retired. I have finished reading to her the book, Memoir of Mary E. North. She has seemed much interested, and I trust it has been instructive to both of us. Father came down for me to-night,



but she wished me to stay, and it is a real pleasure for me to do for her while she is with us. She told me this afternoon that Mr. Hoyt, the minister from Katonah, came to see her yesterday: he was visiting at V— H—'s, and came in alone. She said she could sit and hear him talk all day, he talked so attractively; her mother told me that she asked him to pray, which he did, and she desired him to come again. Dear child, I can but think that when the time of dissolution comes she will enter into rest.

There is so much that puzzles me concerning religion. I try not to think too much about that,—there is so much that seems quite plain, let me attend to that. How has it been with me to-day, let me ask myself, feeling that I am in the sight of God. I have not had enough silent communion with my Maker; I have felt too little of the seriousness of living; oh, help me, Father, to have a more thankful spirit, I pray Thee!

Third month 1st.—My heart is sad and heavy this afternoon; it is hard work for me to be cheerful and keep a bright face, but this I wish to try and do, and also strive to keep the heart cheerful as well as the outside appearance. The first thing is to inquire into the cause, for I find my heart so



prone to wickedness. Life is serious,—yes, a serious thing it is, indeed, to live, and it seems especially so for me now, as I am striving to be a Christian, and though I wish to be cheerful, I want to be fully impressed with its seriousness: I come so far short of doing my duty toward God and man.

Dear Melissa sits right in front of me, looking so sweetly and, I think, she is so patient; I fear very much I should not be so. How I have desired, and particularly of late, that I might live and die a true Christian, so robbing death of its sting and the grave of its victory, and rendering my death-bed "soft as downy pillows are"; and this is the work of every moment. Does not the apostle say, "Pray without ceasing"? My heart almost jumps for joy as I think of the blessed privileges of the gospel, and the glorious liberty of the children of God, and my heart is gladdened by the hope that, if I keep on striving and can only hold out to the end, I shall some day be in its full possession. Glorious hope! instead of being heavy, my heart should fairly dance for joy. What a tendency it has to make one happy to do all in our power to render others so. Melissa seems failing very fast.

Third month 2d.—Daniel H. Griffin called to

see Melissa, and desired her to look to that Power whom he felt to be his only source of strength at all times. I came home about noon after reading in the Bible for some time, and left her lying on the lounge; I went back in about two hours, and she desired me to stay, so I did. I found she was much weaker. She said to me, "I am very weak." "Yes," I said, "and, my dear, if it is God's will to take thee from us, art thou willing to go?" "Yes," she said, "I am willing, -very willing; I hope to meet my dear Father in heaven, and I think I am prepared." I told her, we should miss her very much. She said she knew we would, that we had spent many happy hours together; she wished we had a better picture of her, and wanted me to cut her hair off and save it. She said she wished that she was as good as I was; I told her I hoped she was much better, but she feared not. Why is it people think I am so good? Can it be possible that I am such a hypocrite? If they knew me as well as I know myself, they would not think so. I think my most particular sins and failings are not such as make me disagreeable to other people; however, I know them, and pray to be kept humble, and that I may not suffer any one to delude me into having an exalted opinion of myself. I can look into the heart, others cannot.

Jimmy came, and carried Melissa out; she soon had a sinking turn, and we sent for mother. After Mrs. V— H— came, she had several sinking turns, and we thought she was dying and she thought so too, and said, "Oh, how bad I feel; can't you help me?" But that was not for us; it lay alone with Him who is all strength, and we felt sure that, in His own good time, He would help. She asked Mrs. V— H— to pray for her; and she did pray that our heavenly Father would be with us in that room of sickness and suffering, and that He would be with her to make light the dark valley of the shadow of death.

Third month 3d.—She asked for the west window-shade to be raised; it was the last time she ever looked at those hills, so often gazed upon from the windows of that loved home in days of health and happiness: yes, happiness, but not such as she then felt, for she had indeed sought and found the Saviour. I sat with her alone while the rest went to tea. She told Mary, in the forepart of the evening, she thought her heart was not quite open yet; that is all she said of the kind. She lay there quite composed, and said many times: "I love Jesus! I am so happy! I feel so good; you don't know how good I do feel!" She thanked

me for my kind care of her, and said: "Tell Nettie, good-bye, and kiss her for me." Mary Potter repeated those words:—

"Jesus can make a dying bed," &c.

She asked her to repeat them more than once, and said: "That is true. I love Jesus, and I feel so good; I love Jesus from the bottom of my heart. I know I am dying, for I feel so happy!" That death-bed was a glorious sight to see; it seems to me I never saw happiness so perfect.

Fourth-day (the 4th).—I almost wonder that I did not weep more during the last hours of our beloved one: but I was thinking of my own life. Can it be possible that I shall ever live so as to be prepared to meet her in heaven? I fear so much that I shall not.

Third month 7th.—Melissa's mother wished me to write an account of her last hours, and I have done it to-night.

Third month 18th.—Daniel H. Griffin brought up a letter for us to read that he had received from John J. Cornell,—it was very interesting. And how much did I desire also to be numbered with the household of faith, being fully aware

that it has the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come; but I feel to-night that the path is indeed narrow. I am so beset with what David called "secret sins," and oft put up his prayer: "Cleanse Thou me from secret faults." I know I must not be discouraged, for in Thee alone is all strength. Help me to look wholly unto Thee.

Fourth month 2d.—How much do I think of Melissa's death and incidents connected with her illness. I trust it may be the means of great usefulness to me. May I earnestly press forward.

Fourth month 3d.—After finishing my work, I read in Mary E. North and also commenced the "Blessedness of Internal Conversation with Christ," by Thomas A'Kempis. I could heartily concur in the words of the Disciple:—"But my love is yet feeble, and my holy resolutions imperfect! do Thou therefore visit me continually, and instruct me out of Thy laws. Deliver me from malignant passions and sensual desires; that, being healed and purified, I may love with more ardor, suffer with more patience, and persevere with more constancy." How beautifully does Christ speak of love,—its sweetness, strength, heighth, depth, and breadth.

I recognize my own in some of the Disciple's feelings; would that I could more especially feel the depth and earnestness. I fear so much that it is not enough a matter of the heart, and my faith is too weak to make progress.

Fourth month 12th.—Daniel H. Griffin is dangerously ill, and much anxiety is felt concerning him. He is deeply loved by many, and I am happy to count myself among that number. O Lord, be pleased to spare Thy servant to us!

Fourth month 15th.—I heard something this morning which made me feel very sad. Attended meeting in sadness of heart and much concern for myself and friend, which caused me much weeping.

Fourth month 26th.—Rachel Tilton has talked with me a good deal, trying to encourage me; and when I told her how I longed to love God more, she repeated some lines, of which the following are a part:—

"But I mourn my stubborn will, Find my sin a grief and thrall; Should I grieve for what I feel If I did not love at all?"

She wished me to read the ninety-first Psalm, &c.

Fifth month 1st.—Some things have appeared especially plain to me to-day, and it seems that if I seek not, and find not, the way of life, it must rest on my own head, as it will not be from ignorance.

Fifth month 3rd.—Attended meeting. Daniel H. Griffin was there: it seemed good to see him in his accustomed place, and hear him deliver a living testimony to truth. How thankful I am that God has been pleased to spare him a little longer to his family and to us all.

Fifth month 10th.—I have taken a walk before breakfast nearly every morning since the fourth. It is so nice to breathe the fresh morning air, to hear the birds sing and enjoy the glories of heaven when bursting and unfolding into day,—the quiet world not yet thronged with the constant tread of busy feet and ever-varying faces. Nature fairly sings in joyful praise to its great and wonderful Creator.

Fifth month 31st.—This lovely morning I arose early and took a walk, and read several lessons from Nature's open book. I went down to the dam, and while standing there and watching the

beautiful waterfall, I enjoyed deeply the sublimity of the scene, and the beauties of early morn. listening to the songs of the birds that, with an attentive ear, I could scarcely distinguish, I thought, so it is in life; so busy, constant, and noisy are the things of the earth, that we need to retire from this noise and bustle to hear plainly the still small voice which, in soft, clear accents, speaks to the inward spiritual life,—speaks to the very root and substance of this life,—Christ in the soul; and we need to listen earnestly and attentively. Again, I noticed an old tree that had been broken off some way up. As I examined it, I found perhaps more than half the body quite rotten, but not all, for it sent out many a little twig and beautiful green leaf; the root was vigorous. I thought, would that my life could be so settled in Christ, the great tree of life, that—although nearly torn asunder by the rude blasts and storms of earth—I, too, might send forth fruit comparable to the leaves, beautiful to behold. Then I walked on the banks of the pond, and deeply enjoyed the lovely scene, and returned home with the feeling that I had spent the time better than lying in bed.

Sixth month 6th.—We should be careful, I think, not to place the Scriptures before the inward light,

but as a guide to lead to it; for we are not under the law, but under grace. I think I have need for great care that my religion be not more outward than inward. I do long that it may not be so, but my disposition is much that way; that is, I think, the sole reason why I do not write more upon the subject here. I am so afraid I will write that which I do not feel, and even now I am sure I do this. What makes me so doubtful as to my own feelings? am I really going forward or backward? I do not know that the Lord is on my side as I would wish, but I must be faithful and persevering. Father in heaven, help me! Thou alone knowest my many deficiencies; Thou alone knowest how greatly I need Thee in my every-day walks in life, and how prone I am to do my own will and not Thine. I do not meditate enough on my own state and on Thee, O God; yet often, in the pleasant society of my friends, do I long to be alone, reading some good book or, in my imperfect way, communing with Thee, O Holy Father!

Sixth month 13th.—I arose very early, read for some time, and sat in meditation and silent prayer. I could see the truths as recorded in the Scriptures concerning Jesus Christ more plainly with my spiritual eyes than ever before. May I soon be ena-

bled by the all-powerful grace of God to say: "I believe."

Seventh month 19th.—Susie has read aloud in "Catharine Seely;" it has been very interesting, and I hope I have learned some useful lessons. She has also read to us the Life of Hannah More; I enjoyed it much. How it makes me feel almost or quite a hinderance, rather than a help, to the great cause of Truth; but well I know my mite will be just as acceptable if I am faithful.

Fighth month 8th.—I received a long letter from J— J— B— to-night. He writes: "Thy very acceptable letter was read by me with feelings of thankfulness. May my future life show the gratitude I feel for the good I have received from thy letters, all of them;" and then, that he trusts it is not too late for him to run the race of a Christian, and hopes he may ever remain unshaken, &c. How I rejoice to receive such a letter from him,—one so talented, that if he only walks in the straight and narrow path, his influence must be great. Lord, I thank Thee for this great joy! But can it be possible that I have ever written any thing to encourage him in making this choice? in my last I wrote about Melissa's death.

All good comes from Thee, O God! we poor, weak mortals have nothing to boast of. May we submit all to Thy sovereign will. I pray sincerely that I may be kept humble; but what right have I to be otherwise,—I who am so sinful, and so often doing wrong? Let Thy light and grace so fill my heart as to place its impurities perfectly before my eyes!

Eighth month 12th.—This morning Mrs. Van Houton's nephew invited us to a society-meeting there to-morrow. I called to-night, had a very pleasant visit, and endeavored to explain to them the reason of our not accepting the invitation to join in the business of their society (Methodist); that they believed in a hireling ministry, while our society had always borne a testimony against it,—we believing in a free gospel ministry. Such being the case, they could hardly expect us to help support it: that we believed there were Christians in all societies, that we could not all see alike, and should have charity for each other's opinions. I had thought an explanation a duty for some time, and it seemed to be taken very kindly, for which I am thankful.

Eighth month 24th—O Lord, I long to love Thee more! I can say, in the words of Thomas A'Kem-

pis: "Expand my heart with love, that I may feel its transforming power and may even be dissolved in its holy fire. Let my soul rejoice exceedingly in love, and lose itself in Thy praise. Let me love Thee more than myself; let me love myself only for Thy sake; and in Thee love all others, as that perfect law requireth; which is a ray of the infinite love that shines in Thee."

Ninth month 6th.—Attended meeting. I read in the Bible this afternoon. I commenced some time ago to read it carefully, and have nearly finished Genesis; I make slow progress. Spent most of the evening in meditation and prayer,—oh, for more devotedness!

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death;
He enters heaven by prayer."

Ninth month 12th.—Yesterday was Monthly Meeting; we attended the same. While in the business-meeting I reflected on my unworthiness to take part in the business of a Christian denomination making a profession so high as ours; may I not disgrace the step I am about to take. It really seems to me at times that the very idea of

my being clerk was disgracing it; but I am sure I should not feel right not to take the position, and I must strive more earnestly to live a life devoted to the cause of Christ. Surely many of us think too little about the great responsibility of living.

Ninth month 12th.—The other day I was talking to Josie about "Wild Maggie," a real character in "Hot Corn" (Susie has seen her), and she said:—

"Phebe, she was as good as thee is after she was tamed, was n't she?"

"Why, yes," I said; "I expect she was better."

"Why,—how could she be any better?"

Dear little Josie!—does she really look at me in that light? how very careful I should be about the influence I am exerting over her childish innocence. I ask Thee, my heavenly Father, to help me to keep constantly on my guard. Thou, O God, can look into my inmost heart, and see much uncleanness; I earnestly seek Thy help in cleansing it, for I can do nothing without Thee. I endeavored this morning to explain the meaning of prayer to Josie.

Ninth month 13th.—Samuel Haines in meeting

we might read and talk of religion, but it was another thing to possess it. I have thought much of this; and after being awakened by the preaching of Abel Hull, I felt that there must be a reality in it; and if there was, as he and others had declared, saying that they spoke of what they had seen and handled of the good Word of Life, it certainly was in my power to possess it; and that I must be a possessor, and not a hearer only. My spiritual life has undergone various changes, and even now I feel as though I had but partly taken the first step toward a Christian life, but it is my earnest prayer that I may press forward.

Eleventh month 14th.—This evening I have told dear sister H— much of my spiritual life from my early childhood, before but partly known; much I have not dared or thought best to write here; I should like to mention some particulars at a favorable time.

Eleventh month 15th.—I have been reading in Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest," and I found many beautiful sentences, which seem just suited for me. Of course there are some opinions in the book that I cannot agree with: I have only read

the latter part, and consider it of great value. I thought while reading it, if Alice could only enjoy it with me, how much it would help me.

Eleventh month 25th.—Attended meeting. I desired earnestly I might feel more of the love of God, and that I had faith in Him and in His son Christ Jesus: it is not yet all so clear as I wish it to be. As I was meditating on these things, this language came to me:—"Be faithful over a few things, and I will make thee ruler over many."

Twelfth month 4th.—I have been especially miserable for a few days; I do not seem to improve in any way. I was thinking about it last night, and gave way for a few moments to a feeling of discouragement; but I soon recovered myself, and wondered how I could do so. We often do things and give way to feelings which surprise even ourselves. I desire most earnestly that my spiritual nature may gain in time a perfect control over the lusts of the flesh. What an attainment to be able to say, that "the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death!" At present I feel these words applicable to my state:—"The good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. Now,

if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." It is this propensity to sin in me that I long to overcome through Christ Jesus. I much enjoy reading Wm. Shewen; it is very interesting to the inquiring mind.

Twelfth month 20th.—I enjoyed the meeting very much, though spiritual labor was required to control my wandering thoughts, but I think I was fully rewarded by such happiness as I could could scarce express. "Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!"

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First month 1st, 1869.—We attended meeting. Oh, that I might fight the great warfare of life as if I fully realized it is Satan, sin, and death that I am warring against! I earnestly desire that my affections may be set on things above, and not on things of earth, that I may be dead with Christ to the rudiments of the world, and my life be hid with Him in God; but oh, how far am I from this great height! I was realizing this in meeting,—may nothing make me believe otherwise. I desire to know myself, and not to rest on a false foundation.

First month 15th.—I took up "The Imitation of Christ" to-night. I have read but little in it since Alice went away, and it seemed like the return of an old friend, it was so cheering and encouraging. This passage touched me particularly: "But, tell me, for what purpose camest thou hither: to serve or to govern, to be ministered unto, or to minister? Thou knowest that here thou art called to a life of subjection, labor, and patience: not of dominion, idleness, and amusement. Here men are tried, as gold in the fire; and here no one can stand, unless with his whole heart he desireth to be humbled in the highest degree for the sake of God." Yes, I must try to feel that serving, not myself, but God, who is not a hard master, is my portion; real happiness cannot be experienced in any other way. Then may I be tried as gold in the fire, that I may be humble before Thee, O God. It seems to me that I have fallen into a very lukewarm state lately; this I must guard against more and more, it is both dangerous and sinful. Truly we have great need to watch and pray, that we enter not into temptation.

Second month 4th.—I am sitting with Josie, while the rest are eating; she is very sick. Darling little sister, if God lifts thee gently over the

river from this world of trouble, where there is so much danger of going astray, into the spiritworld, that needs neither the light of the sun nor moon, for the Lord God is the light thereof, can we murmur? Let us rather thank Him for these few years in which He has let her gentle little light shine on our home. We will leave it with Him who doeth all things well, and only desire that we may freely say, "Thy will be done." I have been thinking how sharply it must pierce the heart for one to see the loved form of a near and dear one laid in the cold grave, if her affections had been wholly placed on the outward body, and had almost overlooked this inward and spiritual life which, though the body perish, must still live on in eternity. Though it is natural for us to love the bright little form of sister Josie, still we must strive not to love selfishly or unwisely, but always look beyond the outward to the immortal, and try to train that after God's teaching. My example is not what it should be, and I know I have great influence over her. If she is spared longer in this world, may I more closely watch myself. It is fearful to think of the influence we are daily exerting, if we do not strive that it be for good.

I have been thinking of what William Shewen says about evil thoughts, that we should watch

them very closely, for there must be a thought before it gets to be an action. I have reflected on this much, and hope I may continue to do so. "Search me and try me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

Second month 28th.—Attended meeting, which I enjoyed. I tried to attain to the state of mind in which acceptable worship is performed. I felt that I was greatly favored, not being so thronged with a multitude of worldly thoughts as often oppresses me when I am striving to place my mind on heavenly things. How desirable is that state in which our weakness is lost in His abundant strength.

Third month 4th.—Why am I feeling so heavy-hearted this afternoon? This surely ought not to be, if all was right with me. I left the company in the sitting-room, came out here in the kitchen by myself, and had begun to write, when Janie came in and told me that Louisa Grey died this morning. It is just a year to-day since the light of Melissa's young life went out from the view of our earthly eyes, and now I trust her young cousin

has joined her in the spirit land. For the last few days my thoughts have wandered much in the past, to the last days of Melissa's life, and though my time has been much occupied in the company of dear friends, often has her gentle spirit seemed hovering around me, or has it been a manifestation of

"The Eternal One, whose presence bright All space doth occupy"?

Third month 19th.—Would that obedience kept pace with knowledge, and may I more closely strive to watch carefully that I do right, though it be in very little things. He that regardeth the sparrow's fall, surely observeth these, and I have such a strange tendency to disregard them and to unwatchfulness in general, that my danger is great.

I returned "Baxter's Saints Rest" yesterday to Mrs. Van V—: some parts I have enjoyed exceedingly. How beautifully he speaks of the Christian's great need of serious contemplation and heavenly meditation; I feel sure that the neglect of these greatly retards spiritual growth. How often we do things thoughtlessly which we would not be willing to do, if we carefully considered them.

Alice Van Voorhees spent some time with me this afternoon. I feel a great interest in her welfare. Numerous are the temptations that beset the pathway of youth, and with our thoughtlessness and inexperience we are weak indeed, unless we seek strength from Him who alone is fully able to supply.

Third month 25th.—My twenty-fourth birthday,—one of the many proofs that time is swiftly passing; may I strive to improve it. I received a letter from W- I- to-night, and something he said of his inward and religious feelings affected me much. I have spent a very quiet, pleasant evening in much solemn meditation and prayer, and all that was capable of feeling within me has been dipped in deep sympathy with some of my friends who, I trust, are hungering and thirsting after righteousness. With ecstatic feelings of gratitude and praise have I enjoyed the overshadowing presence of the Holy Spirit this evening. It is a glorious thing to be found seeking, for have we not the blessed assurance that such shall find? I think I can bear my testimony in a measure to this great truth.

I heard the birds sing this morning for the first time this Spring. The season which I have unusually longed for has indeed come, and with perfect delight shall I greet its genial smiles, budding trees, and balmy airs. Truly this is a beautiful, glorious world!

Third month 31st.—I have read in Jane Taylor's Works an essay on "The Government of the Thoughts." She says there are three classes of unrestrained thoughts closely connected, and calls them idle, vain, and wicked thoughts, and warns us of the great danger of not striving to divert our thoughts into a useful channel. I fear there is too great a negligence among professing Christians in this very important particular. I know it has been so with myself, but with the promised help of God, on the condition only of our asking aright, I resolve to strive earnestly to overcome vain and trifling thoughts, for they are the embryo of actions, and, if not carefully guarded, where might they not lead us, and what would be the end? Surely misspent time and energies worse than wasted. What the fearful results of these are, the solemn close of life will reveal more clearly than the thoughtless, careless, worldly heart imagines, for such a one does not allow itself time to reflect seriously and considerately on such matters.

Fourth month 1st.—"Be still, and know that I

am God." How suggestive these words! they say to the soul: Be still, all thy creaturely knowledge, thy running to and fro, and thy will-worship; be thou still before Me, and in holy silence seek My presence, and thou shalt know that I am God. O Lord, I do seek Thee, and in Thy abundant mercy, long-suffering, and loving-kindness, Thou indeed dost make known Thyself unto me, unworthy, unprofitable servant that I have been. When I look back over the many precious opportunities that I have had, and see how they have been slighted and passed over, my soul doth indeed sing praises unto Thy most glorious name for Thy matchless mercy. O God, I do earnestly desire to do Thy holy will in all things, no matter how much it may cross my earthly nature. I desire to quietly sit at Thy feet, O Lord, to hear the gracious words that may fall from Thy lips; that I also may say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." I well know, to maintain this state of mind, I must keep a prayerful watch continually; and, if I do this, Thou in whom I put my trust wilt surely help and strengthen me. May I render unto Thee the first-fruits of all my increase, and sing praises unto Thy glorious name forever. Amen.

Last night, after retiring, I lay some time thinking over my feelings and actions of the day, and I

had at least the comforting assurance that I had tried to do my heavenly Father's will, but remembered with sorrowful feelings that I had been impatient and spoken fretfully, a habit which I long to overcome. How an act of thoughtless disobedience will cast a veil over our spiritual vision! For the last few days I have been greatly blessed with a deep feeling of the blessed presence of the Holy Spirit: may I not drive it from me by inattention to its teachings, as I have done before,—at least I have greatly obscured it. Without this heavenly light—this glittering beacon light—always attracting us onward and upward, darkness is darkness indeed.

Fourth month 12th.—I am able to do scarcely anything around the house, so am left much alone. As I have been alone a portion of this Winter and Spring, I have had much time for reading, meditation, and prayer, and more especially as I cannot sew long at a time on account of my eyes as well as other bodily weakness. I have been thinking, how numerous are my blessings, and "where much is given, much shall be required." I wish to fully appreciate this, but, alas! through inattention and want of diligence, I have not made progress in spiritual growth in proportion to the great

advantages I have had. How I am humbled by these reflections. How weak and small have been my efforts to purchase the pearl of great price,—yet how unthankful and ungrateful have I been. Knowing this great fundamental principle, that "the kingdom of God is within you," I have greatly slighted the duty of looking there for strength, support, and guidance, also seeking diligently for information concerning my every-day duties and spiritual things; but, praises be unto God for His adorable mercy, patience, and long-suffering, what means has He left untried to draw my worldly heart to Himself, where alone are true peace and assurance forever?

What rare advantages have I had in the line of reading matter; I often think how greatly I have been blessed in this. It has seemed as if I have found the very books that contain the instruction, information, and encouragement which I so much needed. There is so much of the earth to draw our minds from the true centre, that I think pure religious reading a great help and incentive to right action, but we should be careful not to depend on any outward aid, remembering the apostolic injunction: "Give diligence to make your calling and election sure; for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall. * * * We have also a more

sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts." 2 Peter. What a precious testimony, and many such we find while searching the Holy Scriptures.

The first volume of the Works of Isaac Pennington I think of great value: how has my soul been exalted by its deep and sublime teachings, accompanied at times, I trust, by the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit, which alone can enable us clearly to discern spiritual things. Some letters in the back part are very instructive. Uncle David brought this to me without the asking,—what kind friends I have.

I feel that my faith may be brought to close trial in some way during the coming summer,—may I stand firm; may my little ship be strong enough to brave all the tempests that time may develop; and may I bear in mind that it behooves in fair weather to prepare for a storm, and this I desire now to do. O Lord, help me to gird on the armor of righteousness, for without this we can never truly fight the great battle of life; without this we can never come out victorious and receive in the end "the crown of life," without which we cannot be truly happy and useful in this present

sphere to which Thou hast allotted us. It is my soul's desire that I may seek it with all diligence, for if I do this I shall not fail.

Fourth month 25th (First-day).—It is lovely spring-time. I have just been looking out of the window, and marking with delight the rapid growths of shrubbery and Spring beauties generally. Truly our God is glorious and powerful, working great wonders in the creation of light and beauty both outwardly and in the soul, made manifest in love, joy, and peace, the fruits of the Spirit. I have long desired this might be perfected in me, that I might be a willing subject to, and be led and guided by, the unerring Spirit of God. What a high attainment! and do I not believe it is attainable by the diligent and sincerely seeking soul? I think I can now say with truth that I do believe, though faith was so long wavering, troubled, and sorely shaken, that I could not say, I believe in Thee, O God; but my prayer was, "Help Thou my unbelief," though at times I did not dare to pray, being so filled with cruel questionings and reasonings, and thoughts of His injustice, which I utterly failed to withstand. Oh, how many ways did my soul's adversary strive to ruin its peace and happiness! As I think it all

over now, how doth my soul sing praises to God for His unspeakable mercy and infinite goodness, that He has raised me "up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay," and, if I persevere, He will establish my goings, and my spiritual song shall be praises to our God. If I am diligent and strive earnestly for the guidance of His spirit, it will assuredly be granted; but, O my soul, thou art not to lie down in lukewarmness and repose by the wayside, and deem thy salvation accomplished,and, because thou hast obtained glimpses of His exceeding glory, take any rest short of pressing forward to the perfect possession of "new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness," in which is perfect security, though the old "heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up," which, it is said, shall be, and "will come as a thief in the night." (2 Peter ii.) Oh, it is so glorious to feel that I am seeking true religion, and I do desire that I may not stop short of its full possession, but at times I feel much troubled lest I may seriously injure its most blessed cause. I am naturally very impulsive, which needs close watching and prayer to overcome, and for want of this due watchfulness I, at times, do and say

things which become not a Christian. I am not nearly as diligent in this good work as I should be: help me, strengthen me, O God,—teach my soul the great need of this truth, which is the Christian's very life: "Watch and pray, lest thou enter into temptation." And creaturely activity at times strives hard to gain the ascendancy over the pure leadings of the Spirit, being transformed into the semblance of an angel of light which I am in danger of following.

I have many young friends, some particularly dear to me, and I desire earnestly that they may also seek the pearl of great price, that we may travel the pathway of true life in sweet communion together. This strong desire takes such full possession of me, and I so long to say or write something on the "exceeding beauty of holiness" and the great necessity of all seeking it, both for the happiness of this life and the life to come, that I am in danger of doing it unauthorized, which might lead to sad results in those I wish to help, as I may say that which would weaken their faith instead of increasing it, and I be filled with false feelings of my own excellence; which gross sin I desire not to fall into, and God knows, as I know myself, there is much to humble me.

Received a letter from W-, in which he speaks

of some incident that called forth feelings of thankfulness to God for His many blessings, saying that it was not often such thoughts passed through his mind,—that it was seldom he thought of death, being so happy in this beautiful world and his mind constantly occupied with its pleasures and duties. What terrible words! I must answer the letter soon, and I pray Thee, O my heavenly Father, to guide my pen aright, for I desire to do Thy holy will and what is required of me, to urge my young friends to seek Thee, the only true life. I think much might be done by a young person, especially who is one of the number, toward influencing others, if they seek aright, and this influence is sadly needed. "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few:" O my Father, I desire to serve Thee in this great field of labor, but I want to do just what work Thou requirest of me,-do not let me go astray. Thou hast, indeed, been a tender Father to me, gently reminding me of neglected duties and showing me the "exceeding beauty of holiness," impressing it on me particularly by the glorious words of Thy servant, Abel Hull. I desire, O Father, that I may strive on to the end, joyfully laboring in Thy glorious cause, and then rest on "the banks of the river of life."

Fourth month 27th.—Yesterday was a busy day for us; yes, even I did a few little things toward helping get Quarterly-meeting fixings ready. The School Committee met at Chappaqua; Father attended, and Alfred Underhill came home with him. We enjoyed his society much last night; his conversation is often very amusing, but particularly instructive, and he speaks so beautifully on religious subjects. One thing he spoke of last night concerning futurity I was thankful to hear: he said he held Universalist opinions, I think, partly, —that, as we believed God to be all goodness, a merciful and gracious being, and making us liable to sin, it seemed unreasonable to believe He would punish us indefinitely for a finite deed after suffering for it all our natural life, as we do for sinfulness, and much more that I cannot write (I think I never heard any one except H. J. Hallock express such views), and said he thought these were the views of Friends, but I never gathered it from any of their writings or ministry. This has puzzled and perplexed me much, but, believing in God as I do, I am willing to leave such subjects trustingly to Him, and, as so much is made clear that I am convinced it is my duty to attend unto, in His own good time, perhaps, more will be made plain.

Fourth month 28th.—I greatly desire that nothing may draw me astray "through philosophy and vain deceit, after the traditions of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ." (See Col. ii. 8.) And glorious is the thought, if I look to Christ, He will instruct me, and I may drink of the clear water of life flowing pure from the fountain, and not adulterated with the world's muddy mixtures. Our own hearts, when earthly and carnal, will adulterate this, unless washed and made white in the laver of regeneration. Earthly knowledge cannot distinguish between true and false opinions, "and no marvel, for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light." (2 Cor. xi. 14.) As I seek strength from Thee to know my duty and do it, Thou wilt grant it, O Lord, and add all things necessary.

I attended meeting to-day, and enjoyed it very much; I had sweet feelings of unity and fellowship with "the household of faith." What earthly joys can compare with this? I sympathize much with those among us who may be seeking right-eousness.

Wm. Haines and wife, from New Jersey, were with us, and spoke sweet words of encouragement and counsel. We had twenty-eight to dinner and seven to stay the night, among whom were David

Barnes and wife. I had an interesting conversation with him this evening: he spoke of their visit West last fall on a religious concern, the account of which I enjoyed. He told of a young man, James Haines of Waynesville, Ohio, aged nineteen, who has appeared very eminently in the ministry; he became a member by request at seventeen years of age, his parents are very wealthy and he had much to attract him outwardly. What is riches but

"Canker in the proud man's heart?"

"Spare moments are the gold dust of time," and "Constant prayer is, to keep the heart always right toward God."

Fifth month 9th.—Uncle Joshua came along, and I rode to meeting with him. It seemed very pleasant for me to get out again, to meet with my dear friends in such a gathering,—a meeting for Divine worship. After meeting, sister H— and I went up to Uncle David's. I have enjoyed this evening; Uncle has been reading to us from the Journal of Edward Hicks.

Second day.—We read the Memoir of Catharine R. Keese to-day, which interested us very much; the extracts from her letters I think very instruc-

tive. What a beautiful character! may I pay close attention thereto.

Fifth month 11th.—I have read a sermon and prayer by Edward Hicks; may I not see within myself the sad picture of "Christ rejected" of which he so touchingly speaks! I also read a short memoir (in writing) of Rebecca C. Haight, a cousin of Aunt Jane: it is very interesting and affecting,—her death was so glorious. Her last words were, "All praise to the Lord." She was young, and one of a large family who endured much suffering and destitution in a new country (Canada) in years past. Again I am almost led to ask my soul, Lovest thou the Lord? I am deeply tried in mind at times, my nature is so very ardent and impulsive, and it is indeed hard to do what I believe and know to be right, sometimes in things which seem so very little. We are exhorted to constant prayer, which will "keep the heart always right toward God," and this I do desire, dearest Father. I desire to love Thee above all; to submit my will entirely, devotedly, and resignedly to Thine. Thou, O Father, art all love, —an ocean without bottom or shore; and surely Thou would require nothing of me that was not for my good. Then, O Thou great Searcher of

hearts! show me, I pray Thee, more clearly the depth of self that lies within, and do not suffer me to leave it there or conceal it with a fair, bright, outside covering, not asking the help of Thy great wisdom and power to remove it. O Lord, let not this be the sad state of one who so earnestly desires to be Thy humble and seeking servant; let self in all its varied forms be entirely subject to Thy holy will! O glorious Father, I do beseech Thee for forgiveness when I have disobeyed the revealings of Thy heavenly will; strengthen me and aid me to press forward, that I may be a help and not a stumbling-block in the way of Thy most glorious cause on the earth! I do sincerely thank Thee for my blessings, both temporal and spiritual, poor, unworthy creature that I am! how lovingly hast Thou drawn me with the cords of Thy holy love to reflect on the beauty of holiness, and seek for a closer union with Thee, from whom flow all the issues of life. This is, indeed, a beautiful world in which Thou hast placed me! Sweetly this morning did the little singing birds remind me of Thee, to whom I desire to look, and to give thanks for the gifts of great beauty and loveliness in nature which I see around me. My desire is very earnest to live the consistent life of a Christian, that I may thus glorify Thee and set an upright example before those who walk not as we walk.

This afternoon I am to meet strangers, and my mind has been much exercised that I might do or say nothing to bring reproach on myself and the glorious religion which I desire not to disgrace. O Lord, be Thou with and strengthen me, that I may praise and glorify Thy name in my conduct and example before men; help me to seek often for a renewal of strength in Thee, who hath said to the weak, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" and by looking to and depending on that all-sufficient grace, I find a true and loving Friend ever near, on whom to lean in every needful time.

Fifth month 12th.—What feelings of thankfulness have I experienced this twilight, as I sat by the open window in our room, beholding the outward glories of nature and reflecting on the events of the day. When I behold the afflicted and sorrowing, who—

"Travel this rough and thorny road Which leads us to the saints' abode,"

how I long to whisper, in right wisdom, words of consolation and encouragement, and put them in remembrance, that—

"When our heavenly home we gain,
"Twill make amends for all our pain,"

and ask the Father, in our behalf, for help to be more diligent in our journey. I would that we might be one another's helpers in the Lord.

Fifth month 19th.—How little we who are young know what trials we may have while journeying through time, but if in the end we can say the victory is won, the crown of righteousness is gained, then indeed we shall not have suffered in vain; but they that follow not this pure principle of Truth must and do suffer, as I can testify, very keenly in this life, and have not the glorious promise of the life to come. It seems to me that, while I retract not my intention to strive to serve the living God, though I may have and expect to have deep trials, even this earth will almost be a paradise; for has He not said, "I will go with thee"? Though cloud-storms and tempests at times toss wildly the frail bark, have we not the promise of reaching the haven of rest at last? and with that hope as a bright star ever before us, let us not grow weary. This buoyancy of spirit at the outset of my journey is very precious to me. I expect deep trials and provings, but I desire that I may come off conqueror; and I press forward with

the same elastic step and bounding heart, hoping now, in fair weather, that I may fit and prepare my little ship for the rough storms it will have to encounter.

Fifth month 29th.—Our people returned tonight from attending Yearly Meeting, and gave us an interesting account concerning the meetings and visits. The subject of First-day Schools has received considerable attention from a part of the members, while some firmly oppose it, considering it a step off the good old foundation: now, when rightly and prayerfully conducted, I cannot think so. I think our Society, truth, and religion generally are suffering a great loss for the want of pure examples, encouragement, and instruction from those more experienced both among the old and young. Yes, the seeking mind surely does need and crave this; there is such an extent of corruption all around us, and this the tender mind is inhaling, as it were, almost continually. We should try to counter-balance this, and, as much as lieth in our power, exert an opposite influence; and though our guiding star, "The Light Within," is ever near and faithful, still there are instrumental helps to lead us to this great gift of God for man's salvation, for we are so prone to seek outward help

and thus thoughtlessly overlook it. It may be I am wrong concerning this, but I think not: I do crave right instruction and guidance from the true and living Fountain, but much I desire that others may come and "taste and see how good the Lord is."

Sixth month 20th.—Before meeting I read two pamphlets belonging to Uncle David, one of "Testimonies concerning Music," and one on the "Sunday Question:" they were very interesting. Our predecessors bore strong and faithful testimonies against music. I have often wondered if singing would ever become a burden to me; it is something of which I am very fond, though having but little talent that way. I sing a great deal as I am about the house, and sometimes I am deeply thinking at the time: my spirits are, naturally, very joyous, and this has long been a habit; but if in any way it is a hinderance to my spiritual welfare, and I am required to part with it, I hope and pray I may willingly make the sacrifice, feeling that "He doeth all things well."

Sixth month 29th.—How I desire that I may be increasingly faithful, and seek not only daily but hourly to know the will of my heavenly Father,

and have also ability to perform it. My blessings are abundant; oh! what can I render unto the Lord for all these favors which He so bountifully bestows upon me? surely a heart that seeks above all things to do His will; may I be more diligent. As I was desiring this the other night, and thinking seriously of my negligence in spiritual labor, I was reminded that it is not those who say "Lord, Lord," that are accepted, but those who do the will of our Heavenly Father,—I wish to keep this in mind.

Eighth month 10th.—There is one thing that is a cause of much uneasiness to me, which is this,—I have several correspondents, some of whom are very dear young friends, who, I am sure, though they do not often speak of it, are seekers after righteousness; and at times, when I am writing to them, I desire earnestly that they, too, may press steadily forward. I wish to encourage such, and render them all the assistance in my power; as in my experience I know there is so much of an outward tendency; still I often fear that I may multiply words without the life, or say that which would be a hinderance instead of a help to them, so that at times I am much straitened, not knowing whether to go forward or backward, and fre-

quently and earnestly do I seek right direction, while my mind is thus clouded. I sincerely desire that it may not be my failing, to move forward with the appearance, and not with the life. Oh, how I crave to be kept clear of it, and to attain that state, that whatsoever I do, may be all to the glory of God. There are many of my young friends who appear to be feeding on husks, and my spirit mourns for them, but can I love them more than God? What a mystery is all this to me.

Eighth month 15th.—I have been meditating this afternoon on my spiritual condition, and, as is very often the case, I find myself far in the background,—far from that nearness to God which I desire to keep; which I long to be the constant atmosphere in which I may live. And the cause of this unwatchfulness,—negligence in waiting on God,—I earnestly crave strength and diligence to overcome. I wish to make a constant practice of spending some time each morning in waiting on my God, and desiring a closer union with Him, as only in this nearness can I receive strength to battle with the numerous temptations of life. If I neglect a quiet season alone with my soul and God, my anchorage is less firm, and easier to be loosened by the ever-busy, restless, outside world.

Eighth month 22nd.—J— C— G— came last night to inform us of the death of Lewis Wood. One by one our loved friends are laying off their earthly habiliments,—are being prepared for their spirit home. May we take heed to the many warnings, that man like time is passing away, and prepare ourselves for the glorious change.

Ninth month 8th.—We attended the funeral of Melissa Smith; the meeting was very interesting; after which I had some conversation with Esther Weeks. On speaking of my poor health, she said she had learned some of her deepest lessons in seasons of affliction; told me about her poor health in early life, and, as she left, repeated the promise: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." It seemed to be for me; and at times such promises are in some way livingly brought before the mind, speaking comfort and encouragement.

Ninth month 13th.—Libbie and I talked until late last night concerning the commonplace things of time, of interest to us both: but that which I enjoyed far more was in regard to the priceless treasures of the soul-life, in which our interest seems mutual, and a congenial friend in this respect of near my own age I greatly prize.

Ninth month 28th.—Another morning, clear, bright, and very beautiful, though cold, has shed forth its cheering light upon our pathway. Truly there is much in Nature and the various appearances of outward life that has great influence over our animal spirits, to render them exhilarating and joyous, or not so: but if it is a true, healthy joyousness in every sense of the word, it must be met by this peace and joy in the soul-life, which is the reward of earnest effort on our part to know and perform the many duties of life toward God and man.

Tenth month 1st.—Attended the Fair this afternoon, and enjoyed it much. We had an address from C. C. North, which was very good. I have seen and heard Mary E. and Adolphus North's father, whose memoirs I had read to dear Melissa, and we both much enjoyed them. He said he had crossed the Atlantic six times; that he had travelled much and with his eyes and ears open, and had noticed that no matter how good and beautiful homes people had, or how loving their families, they were not truly happy and never could be unless they had the love of God in their hearts; and he prayed that God's heavenly Spirit might rest on the inhabitants of Yorktown. He is a leading

Methodist and, I judge, a devoted Christian, and all such are dear to my sight, no matter to what sect they belong.

HALLOCK'S MILLS, Tenth month 8th.

My precious friend J.:-

Oft times have poor souls, tossed and sorely tried with the afflictions of this life, found comfort and deep consolation in those precious words of the blessed Jesus: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions." "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." And then the blessed assurance, that "He will never leave us nor forsake us." Yes, darling, when we received A-'s letter, which startled us with the sad news of F—'s death, how were our souls rejoiced to hear that our heavenly Father did not leave thee, nor forsake thee, but was, indeed, with thee in thy great hour of need, and enabled thee to bear it all with resignation. Oh, is not His a strong arm to lean upon? and when we consider our own weakness, and yield to the firm conviction that He doeth all things well, though it is hard to nature, yet, if we look to Him for strength, He will enable us to say, Thy will, not mine be done. Our souls have been dipped into close feeling and sympathy with thee in thy bereavement.

It was hard, indeed, that thou could have no dying word, no message left for thee; but, my dear, was not his life a message of love? And is it not the same now, though the veil being dropped, it is hid from view? And then, how thankful must thou be for the great consolation, that he lived a Christian life; and He who said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," surely is all truth, and would still be with him in the hour of death, and bear him safely over the dark waters into the realms of light, and peace, and joy. Oh, J-, as we look with the eye of faith, is it not all glorious, -thy precious friend in Heaven, safely moored on the rock of Everlasting Love! As for thyself, life without him, no doubt, seems dark and dreary, only as it is upheld with the thought of duty to God, andduty in every sense of the word: then, my dear, go forth with a brave, trusting heart, clothed with the armor of righteousness, which is really only to submit to the righteousness of God, -only to be passive in His hand, and He will indeed clothe us with all the Christian virtues. I was led to think deeply last night of this passiveness that is necessary on our part, in order that we may be led and guided by the Spirit of God. I find it very hard

for the natural will to submit to the will of God,—which, in other words, is Right and Duty,—even in the very trifles, as we term them, of life. But we must press on, never fearing, daily and hourly striving to partake of His strength who has overcome the world. How deeply do I desire for us a closer walk with God, that we may be led more and more to see and partake of the exceeding beauty of holiness. From thy true friend,

PHEBE M. HALLOCK.

Tenth month 24th.—I am so thankful that I was able to be with Melissa so much in her sickness, and think that the scenes of her death have proved a great blessing to me: shall I ever forget her perfect happiness while life lasts? May the thought of her radiant face, speaking so beautifully of the joys of heaven, ever be the means of encouraging me on my way Zionward.

Eleventh month 7th.—Ardon Seaman, Samuel F. Dickerson, and other strangers, were at meeting. I felt that we had a favored season: there was much said that seemed to meet my state of mind perfectly, from which I hope to profit. May I be enabled to say and feel, that it is the settled principle of my soul, as did Samuel F. Dickerson in his

closing remarks, that all he had was consecrated to his heavenly Father. Ardon spoke on this text:—"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things." As Samuel took leave, he said he hoped we should lose nothing by this interview. I have thought much of his words, and fervently hope the memory of their visit among us, with the precious words they have spoken, may not be soon forgotten.

Twelfth month 9th.—How many dear friends I possess, and I have been thinking to-night how unworthy I am of the love bestowed upon me. I do indeed desire to make myself worthy of the love of those with whom I associate, but much more so of my heavenly Father; but desire is not exactly work, and this is what I so much need,—real soul work,—perseverance in the path of humility,—a closer walk with God,—a spirit of devotion, and a subjection of my will to the Divine will. This last I feel in want of so much in little things. Surely we must be faithful over the little, before we can be made rulers over much.

HALLOCK'S MILLS, First month 4th, 1870.

My precious friend Libbie:-

Thy very interesting letter was most gladly received, and, let me assure thee, enjoyed deeply. I think I can appreciate in a measure the numerous difficulties under which thou laborest, and do indeed sympathize with thee; but, my dear, doesn't thou often think, when difficulties surround, that if we only "let patience have her perfect work, that we may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing," all will be well. For the perfection of this, many struggles with the contending elements will be necessary; so, my dear friend, strive continually for the victory with a brave, trusting heart. reckon that the sufferings of this present time, are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us," if this victory is ever gained.

We now stand on the threshold of 1870: it is comparable in my mind to an open blank book, on whose pure, unsullied pages we must write something. We have just begun this new book,—it is of great importance what we write, that it may be an improvement on the last; that each day of this new year may bring us one step nearer Heaven! What thou said about keeping our heavenly Father

constantly in view, I think I can somewhat appreciate; this is one of my great difficulties. I, too, get so absorbed in what I am doing, in idle thoughts, or what is passing on around me, that my Guide is not followed with the simplicity of a little child, which is so desirable and so necessary to our happiness and best interests. "Oh," says my soul, "for a closer walk with God."

Thy loving friend,
PHEBE M. HALLOCK.

First month 21st.—I have been prayerfully meditating this morning, and thinking of the precious mingling we have enjoyed with our friends: and I am indeed thankful to my heavenly Father for the many privileges I enjoy, but I want to be more so; I need it to be an all-pervading feeling. I desire the continual incense of my spirit to be prayer and praise to His glorious name, but instead of this I find unwatchfulness, and hence unfaithfulness often has the dominion. Oh! what constant dedication it needs; what continual care that we "watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation." How we need very often to bow ourselves in spirit before Him, in solemn meditation and prayer, that our wills may be brought entirely into subjection to the will of Him, our blessed Father,

that He may lead and guide our steps aright. I feel the great need of this now, as I am a professor of religion, and with so many dear ones,—how solemn, how glorious, when real and practical! I often think, when I come so far from arriving to the standard which I so desire to reach, am I a hypocrite? I am sure people think me a great deal better than I am; indeed, I do not wish them to think me a strong man in Christ, when I am really such a little child in the truth, and so wayward. Though this may not be plain to the eyes of my friends, I know it to be so; my natural will is far from being in free and entire subjection.

Hallock's Mills, N.Y., Second month 18th.

John J. Cornell:—

Dear Friend:—Thy kind and interesting letter, containing so much instruction, kind counsel, and encouragement, was very much appreciated, let me assure thee, though at first I felt somewhat disappointed in thy views concerning First-day Schools, in which I feel such a deep interest; but after more consideration of what thou wrote, I could but say that I fully united with thee. The idea of the kind of a school to which thou would lend thy assistance, is just such as I desire our schools may be: that there are errors in the management

of some, and wrong done by getting unconcerned minds as teachers, or those without religious experience, I do not doubt; but, on the whole, is it not better than the way in which the children have been brought up, as I have seen in my own experience, often with very little right influence, very little instruction adapted to the childish understanding, and very little knowledge of the Scriptures, which, though not the highest guide, are still very valuable "for correction, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness." Thou knowest we have but very little "Friends' Literature" adapted to the childish mind, while other societies abound with books, which, coming in the way of the children, an inquiring mind will read greedily, as I have done. This conflicts with what they hear at meeting, and has a tendency to raise many doubts and queries, which the influence of the world around us induces us to look outward to solve; and not having those who are calculated to minister to our necessities, or toward whom we feel confidence to ask instruction or advice, it places the mind in a sad condition.

First day 20th.—Attended meeting this morning, which was a much favored season; at least I felt it to be so. Daniel H. Griffin and others spoke,

and some of the testimonies I felt to be indeed powerful and full of truth; but more beautiful than any thing instrumental is the voice of God in the quiet of the soul: but, oh, how hard to maintain this quiet, humble feeling, which is so necessary in order that it may be plainly heard! How abundantly has my heavenly Father blessed me with dear friends and fathers in Israel. Often when I think of it and feel how very unworthy I am, my feelings are humbled before Him. I have a young friend in whom I am much interested; she seems somewhat awakened to her soul's welfare. I spent last evening in her company, and, though I had never spoken to her before on the subject, I felt free to offer some encouragement by narrating somewhat of my experience. Oh, how the desires of my soul go forth in behalf of the many who are craving a higher, purer life as I have done from a little child! Oh, the dear little ones, up and down in the land, who crave the bread of life, and know not where to find it: how my past experience prepares me to sympathize with them! True, our heavenly Father will teach us, if we but seek instruction with our whole heart, but there is so much in the world to drown this still small voice. Surely all power is in His hands; for cannot He make a way where there seems to be no

way; as I have found in my own experience, when almost ready to believe that I should never be able to arrive at a knowledge of the Truth. Though I feel such deep interest in First-day Schools, I desire that I may not move in my own will, but first carefully examine the motives by which I am governed; that it be not merely to drift in the popular current, but that all may be done in His own good will and time, to His glory and not man's.

While on our recent visit, we were at D. E. Gerow's, with whom I had a long and very interesting conversation on this subject, which movement he much disapproves, and has lately written a piece for the Intelligencer concerning it. I did enjoy his society very much, though I cannot feel as he does entirely. Would thou be willing for me to send thy views on the subject to the Intelligencer? I would like to do so, with thy consent. I feel thankful for thy kindness in writing as thou dost, and hope my life may show this. I do not wonder at thy not oftener writing, and doubt not but it is all right, though the time seems long to me. If I do not write plain enough, I would like thee to tell me: if thou wishest to reprove or correct me in anything that is wrong, I would be glad to have thee do so. I am afraid thou, with many others, thinkest me better than I am. I query at

times, am I a hypocrite? God knows I desire not to be, and must strive still more for the victory. Much love to Judith, and, in near affection, I am, Thy much attached friend,

PHEBE M. HALLOCK.

Third month 7th.—In a letter to her friend Libbie, she says:—

I appreciate much the free expression of thy feelings on the subject of First-day Schools, and am thankful we are so congenial on this subject. Hast thou read John G. Whittier's letter in the last Intelligencer? I think it very good, the sentiments are so correct; but, above all, we need great care and watching that we attend closely to the leadings of Truth, to teach us what shall be our work in this day and generation; not in our own wills adhering strictly to the form, without the life, of our fathers, or going unsent and unprepared into the new fields of labor which seem to be opening for the sincere-hearted. As John Parrish wrote: "If we feel a little interest in the Life, let us be careful of that little; it is the only right way to get more."

After referring to the expressions of a friend, who is a church-member, in regard to our silent meetings, she continues:—

And is this the way our precious silent meetings are viewed by the world? by those that know not of the soul's communion with God,—the spiritual part that, looking up to its Father, seeks instruction and guidance? Oh, how precious! how glorious! what are words, mere words, to this? but how many do not receive it, because they look outward. Oh, my dear, we that enjoy so many privileges, for how much more are we accountable? and may we show to the world by our lives that our religion is no idle tale, but something vital; that our silent meetings are not a silent deadness, but life,—vitalizing life. May it be seen in our mingling with the world, in our business, in our precious home circle,—everywhere,—that there is an inner life which the hand of God doth mould and fashion to do His will, that seeks not the applause of man. Yes, Libbie, great is my desire that we may seek earnestly the "best gifts;" that we become acquainted with religion in its pure spirituality; and know of living near to God, of being really led and guided by His spirit. John J. Cornell's argument in favor of perfection is truly clear and beautiful, and indeed a high standard; toward this may we press steadily. Though the child of God must meet with many trials and afflictions in this life, do not the joys of the Christian greatly overbalance all these? I much enjoy the "Scraps" of letters in the *Intelligencer*, and think they are very interesting and instructive.

I am reading the Life of James B. Taylor, lent by Rachel Tilton. His must have been a truly beautiful life, but some things seem so strange to me,—I mean, so different from Friends: he was an Episcopal Minister, or at least he died just as he had entered the ministry, after eight years of study. Of course I enjoy Friends' writings better, as they come nearer home,—that is, in one sense; in another, I like to become acquainted with the feelings, experiences, and beliefs of others. thou ever seen the book of Poems entitled, "The Changed Cross," &c.? I think it beautiful: the poems are devotional and very good. Hast thou ever read Cowper's "Task"? I should much like to show thee some of the parts that I think are excellent.

Fifth-day afternoon.—I have been looking over this letter, and fear that the style in which it is written will lead some to think I have attained to a much higher standard, as to religious life, than is true. Now, my dear, I do not want thee to be deceived in this. Indeed, I am but a little child as to my progress in the Truth, and a wayward, erring child, too, who finds it very difficult to keep

sufficiently humble to hear the voice of the Good Shepherd, and often, very often, goes far astray. It is a cause of much trouble to me that I am not more consistent in my example; to be so, I must live nearer to God. Though the hinderances seem many and great because of sin, I hope my courage may not fail. It is quite easy to write, talk, and think of what we wish to be, but to attain this, to do the work, is what is wanting; and we can only do this through Christ, who strengthens us.

From thy friend,
PHEBE M. HALLOCK.

HALLOCK'S MILLS, Third month 7th.

To my dear Cousin:-

I surely think true marriage is very desirable, and much the happier state, and greatly desire that yours may be such,—a true congeniality between the inward and spiritual life,—that your relation may be indeed marriage in the beautiful sense of the word; and that, as years glide on and you know each other better and better, your love may be stronger, and so centered in the great love of the everlasting Father as to be, indeed, eternal: that it be no mere transitory, fleeting passion of earth, subject alike to decay with other earthly things. Oh, no! I crave something higher and

purer than this for my darling cousin; and, my dear, strive to act thy part faithfully, and may our heavenly Father bless you both, as He surely will all His faithful servants.

Thy loving cousin,

PHEBE M. HALLOCK.

HALLOCK'S MILLS, Third month 27th.

Dear afflicted Friends:—

I have felt much sympathy for you all, since we heard of the death of your dear Abbie. This must truly be a heart-rending affliction, but how comforting the blessed assurance left you by her peaceful, happy death, that she is now enjoying a far more perfect state of happiness than this world so full of fleeting, fading pleasures—can afford; and beautiful is the thought that, though death makes such devastation with these clay tenements, if the love which has bound us together be pure, true love, it is not a thing of time to be easily rent: it must live more pure and perfect beyond the confines of this lower sphere. Indeed such love, which springs from and delights and revels in that great ocean of love, which is boundless, cannot be confined. J- wrote that she seemed to be in a beautiful frame of mind, and talked calmly of her approaching close. What a lovely

example to us who are left behind; what encouragement for us to strive to live the life, that we also may be prepared to die the death, of the righteous,—so beautiful, so peaceful, so greatly to be desired; so perfect the glory which shall be revealed in us, as not to be compared with the sufferings of this present time. I much enjoyed the letter she wrote me last Twelfth month, and it was so unexpected, too. Now, she is gone,—a great void is left in the home circle; it is felt deeply in her large circle of friends; may it inspire us all with renewed energy in the Good Master's work, that we may be prepared to meet her in Heaven! Yes, dear friends, each of you—in the separate relation you bore to her—have my heartfelt sympathies. I often think of you, and mingle closely with you in feeling, though bodily distance sepa-Your friend, rate us.

PHEBE M. HALLOCK.

Fourth month 20th.—I have been thinking this evening with much emotion of the great beauty of submitting our lives entirely to the guidance of the Holy Spirit, which will free us from that worldly selfishness of which we see so much, that the one great desire of our hearts may be to serve God. Much do I desire this happy state for myself.

Fourth month 27th.—I have thought about the object of our coming together in a Quarterly-meeting capacity a good deal. Professedly it is worship, and I have desired to feel this at heart; but there is much to draw the mind outward,—away from the true centre. I long for stillness,—even amid all these pleasant scenes and the precious company of my dear friends,—where I can quietly consider these many blessings, and thank my Father for them: He is so good to me, and I am so wayward and willful. Oh, that my will might be lost in His; but this is very hard and difficult for me to attain. My will is so strong; it is hard to give up, even in little things. I think this arises from neglecting to "watch and pray."

Fifth month 26th.—Went to meeting this morning, and how can words express my deep enjoyment of both meetings? My soul was prostrate with earnest entreaties to my heavenly Father, that He would strengthen me to go forward with a firmer step, to do my allotted work more faithfully. I was deeply affected, and trust I shall not soon forget it or the solemn covering that spread over us at the close. Truly the presence of our Father's spirit was precious; how did my soul rejoice and praise God for His unspeakable gifts.

Fifth month 28th.—I have felt a desire to compare my feelings in the attendance of this Yearly Meeting with those of three years ago, which my Diary will show something of. Oh, how my spiritual life has been blessed since that time! had I only appreciated and improved my many blessings and privileges, how still more striking might have been the contrast. O Father, who hast so favored me, how I long to be a more loving and faithful child. It is not those who say Lord, Lord, that enter into the kingdom, but those who do Thy will, O God.

E— this morning, about First-day Schools, &c. After we had conversed some time, he said: "Thou art a lover of the Truth." I told him I was, and desired to be a more faithful follower, or to that effect; and as we were talking, I said it was such a comfort to me to be in the society of those whom I felt had attained to a high standard of spiritual life, which I so desired. Truly his visit has been very precious to me, and dear Aunt's also: what ornaments to the Truth! We attended meeting; Uncle E— spoke some beautiful words of counsel.

Eighth month 7th.—Attended meeting, and to-

ward evening started on our ride to Shrub-Oak Church, where we heard a Temperance Lecture by Dr. H. Curry. I enjoyed the ride exceedingly; and the lecture—what can I say of that! and my feelings, to see before me a strong and talented man, who had known by experience the full meaning of that dreadful word Intemperance, now using his influence and talents against it, and striking at the very root of the matter; urging that, if the heart were right toward God, such things would not be,—eloquently and powerfully he handled the subject. Some thought it more a sermon than a temperance lecture,—I thought it was both, beautifully mingled. He took his text from Matt. vii. 25: "And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock." No words can express how much I enjoyed it, or how excellent it seemed to me. It is several months since he reformed, and greatly do I desire that he may stand firm. This was a public meeting of the Sons of Temperance, of which society he is a member: he sent word by S- J- to us of the lecture, and to me especially.

Tenth month 14th.—Witnessed that most beautiful phenomenon, the Northern Lights, this even-

ing,—it was very lovely. Young, in his "Night Thoughts," says:—

"True,—all things speak a God; but, in the small, Men trace out Him; in great, He seizes man; Seizes, and elevates, and wraps, and fills With new inquiries, and associates new."

I was perfectly delighted with the wonderful beauty, and when the white lights began to flash, all mingled with the red, and seemed to roll and flame up from the North, how very lovely and strange it looked to me.

Hallock's Mills, N.Y., Tenth month 26th.

Dear Libbie:-

How delighted I was to hear thou was pleased with Job Scott, for I enjoy anything so much better to know that some loved one also appreciates and admires it with me. It is pleasant, as I read something which does me good, to know that thou has or will read it too, and may be inspired with like feelings. Libbie, such pure devotedness is greatly to be desired, more than aught else here below: let us choose reading that has a tendency to elevate and raise our feelings above all earthly things, and, as we strive to do that which we know to be right, pure blessings shall attend us.

Much cloud seems to cover my path,—if I could feel that I was faithful, let that be as it may; at times I try earnestly, then let slip my hold, and darkness covers my mind. I often wonder that my heavenly Father can be so merciful and long-suffering; but what a comfort to feel that His arm is near and around us, and that He will lead and guide us aright, if we but submit.

Thy true friend,
PHEBE M. HALLOCK.

Eleventh month 17th.—Speaking of a lecture she attended in New York, in which the follies of fashion were spoken against, she writes:—

It is very pleasant to have a friend who can sympathize so well with my feelings on this great question of dress and fashion: it makes another link to bind us together. Oh, my dear, may we ever live up to the dictates of duty in this respect. It is something truly of vast importance, when we consider the great loss sustained in this day, by using the precious time allotted us—time that we should spend to the glory of God—to support show, extravagance, and fashion, which, as Lydia Maria Child says, "seems so foolish and wrong: foolish, because happiness is not promoted by it, while health and character are injured; and wrong, be-

cause the time, talent, and money thus expended are drawn away from wiser and better purposes."

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First month 8th, 1871.—Attended meeting last evening, and to-day particularly have felt strong desires that I may not, from indifference, give out by the way to the Holy City; which heavenly state I must know something of while here; but, oh, I am so lacking!

First month 24th.—We attended the funeral of dear Lottie Underhill, which was a very impressive season to me. She was young like many of us, and much beloved; but I trust she now possesses everlasting youth, fadeless evermore. Would this priceless gem be ours if we were called away,—this seems the natural question?

HALLOCK'S MILLS, N.Y., Third month 5th.

To --:

Though a stranger to thee, yet a feeling of duty prompts me to pen thee a few thoughts. I attended the Chappaqua School Exhibition, and sat nearly behind thee. I thought it strange how thou could feel inclined to do aught that would lead thy mind

away, and take thy attention from the very interesting address to which we were listening, which might give us some higher ideas of life and that pure happiness which will surely be ours if we strive to fulfill its important duties. The lecturer spoke of Intemperance, and I thought both young and old should be interested in such an all-important subject,—that terrible evil, which brings both misery and torture on the millions which indulge therein. I know nothing of thee, and I wondered if it could be possible that thy inclination or temptations led thee into this evil. I thought much about it, and felt it deeply; and much did I desire that thy attention might be enlisted in the higher views of life, which would lead thee above all to seek a true character, led and guided by pure principles of right; and such a mind can surely enjoy real pleasure in the right time and place. I only write this from a true concern for thy own good and happiness, and of those with whom thou associates. I noticed thou drew the attention of several to what thou was doing (a little mischief it might be termed); in just the same way thou might draw the attention and interest of others to good. Goodness always comes from God, and if we strive to attain this highest and purest happiness, looking to Him for help, He will grant it in His own good time. Influence is very powerful, more so than thou may think, and earnest is my prayer that this feeling which enjoys pleasure may be always rightly guided, by thinking on what is right and what will lead to good, which alone can bring happiness; and, above all, ever use thy influence in favor of temperance. I trust there is no harm in penning my feelings as I have done.

Very truly, thy friend,
PHEBE M. HALLOCK.

HALLOCK'S MILLS, N.Y., Fifth month 14th.

JOHN J. CORNELL:—

My valued friend.—"Of myself I can do no good thing": these words came in my mind as I began to commune with thee, and well, no doubt, thou knowest the meaning of them; but this is one of my hard lessons. I now feel free to write to thee again after my long silence, though it may be little I have to offer. Oh, there is so much to struggle through in order to gain this higher life, that I often find myself weak and, as it were, well-nigh fainting! It takes me so long to learn the only true pathway to happiness,—which must be holiness; freedom from the rule of self-will, from which I so long to be emancipated. I never could be satisfied with what the world has to offer; yet

there is such a natural shrinking from what I have to pass through,—to be continually laid low at the feet of the Master,—that I give way in weakness, and walk much in sorrow and bitterness of heart. How earnestly do I desire that I may learn by my many missteps, and feel more securely fixed on the Everlasting Rock.

The visit we had from thy father and mother was much enjoyed; greatly do I prize the society of such dear friends, as I soon felt them to be. I thought we had an excellent Quarterly meeting. If I could retain and practice the beautiful counsel that I have so often heard, which was handed forth with such power by David H. Barnes and others, the sweet feeling and exceeding beauty of holiness would not pass away, but live and remain with me. This requires labor and the sacrifice of much, though of nothing really of service to me; yet, in times of trial, this truth seems to be lost sight of.

Thy friend,

PHEBE M. HALLOCK.

Fifth month 21st.—A beautiful day; the country looks very lovely now. Truly God is wonderful in wisdom and power: how I desire to serve Him with my whole heart,—then He will fill it with a joy and loveliness comparable to that which

is shown in the outward creation. Oh, that we might seek this beauty of a meek and quiet spirit, which far surpasseth the outward adorning of this poor body, that tends so much to feed a vain mind and draw it away from deeper and higher interests. O Lord, keep me, I pray Thee!

Hallock's Mills, N.Y., Seventh month 7th.

To --:

I do not see why we cannot have near and strong friendships with gentlemen as well as with ladies, and prove of great good to both. I believe thine has been of use to him, so, darling J-, do not think thou carest nothing about living, that thou doest no good, or anything of the kind: thou should, it seems to me, if consistent with the loving Father's will, wish to live for the sake of others, to do good and make others happy with thy love and kindly cheer. Yes, there are many sad hearts, many heavy and discouraged ones, in this world of ours, that need sympathy and encouragement: thou may be, and no doubt often art, mingling with such; and, in doing thy duty in this and the different ways that may be pointed out, can thou not feel that love marks out the way and will make bright the gentle mission,—that in due time all pure love will mingle together in that ocean which

is described as having neither bottom nor shore; and can a true Christian doubt it? I know this boundless love is thy sweet trust and confidence; yet, though F— is gone before, and thou art left as it were alone, still, darling, strive not to feel alone, but live for others. Love is always bright and always needed. Alas! how sad to think, by how many; but the good Father's love is always near, though so many do not heed it.

From thy friend,

PHEBE M. HALLOCK.

Seventh month 11th.—Last First-day afternoon I felt much impressed with a desire to live nearer to God, and more in accordance with the promptings of His spirit, than I feel I have been doing for some time past.

Seventh month 13th.—Attended the funeral of Jesse Hallock: an interesting meeting, I thought, and full of instruction. As flowers of the field we pass away, soon the places that know us now shall know us no more; how necessary, then, that we do what we feel sure is required of us. If we seek this, we shall know, and it shall be well with us, even though we may not please the eyes of the world. These thoughts were suggested by reflect-

ing on Jesse's life and death. I shall not forget him very soon: it seems so strange to think he is gone.

Eighth month 2nd.—This is a lovely morning; we have had so much rain lately, that we appreciate clear weather. I am a great lover of sunshine, both in the outer world and the inner one of the heart; but my experience plainly teaches me that it is not always an easy thing to keep in such a state as to see or enjoy the blessed rays which God doth send to lighten and purify the heart; but, as the clouds and rain of the outer world are necessary to life and the growth of vegetation, so it is in the spiritual life; and to me it is a pleasant thought that the sun is always shining, even though we do not see it.

Eighth month 6th.—My mind has been much tried and rather depressed a great deal of the time for some months: it seems so hard for me to live up to my highest convictions of duty, and I come so far short of leading the truly Christian life, which I desire to do, that it makes me unhappy, and my influence over the three little children under my care is not as pleasant as it should be, which troubles me much. I often feel such a

gentle reminder of what my example, life, and conversation should be to them, whose characters are forming and whose minds are so susceptible of impressions, yet how far I am from this standard. None but the Lord can carry on this work in my heart: as I look to Him, surely He will strengthen me for the great labor of life. I feel deeply the need of more love, faith, humility, and submission: O Lord, help me to look to Thee.

Nettie and I have read aloud Cowper's "Winter Morning's Walk," the last part especially; how exceedingly beautiful and precious to my soul.

Eighth month 15th.—I here copy a portion of a letter written to Alice Sutton:—

My precious friend.—I know I have been very free, indeed, in my correspondence with thee; it has seemed to do me good to tell thee my feelings, and it so seems again to-night. I am not in a condition to write as happily as I have at times, for somewhat of a cloud rests on my spirit, and has done so much of the time for months past: at times I do not see how I shall ever be able to come out from under it; for it seems to be of my own making, which makes it sad and heavy to bear. I attribute it to the lack of entire faithfulness in little things, more especially from a want

of sufficient meditation and prayer: and, oh! the great loss my spiritual life sustains, as well as the lives of others, my usefulness being impaired and my example being so far from upright. It is sad, very sad, though I have felt the love of God dear and precious since I last wrote, and my outward blessings are so abundant; surely I ought to love and serve so good and merciful a Father. I have often deeply and very earnestly desired to do this, but the desire seems to fade away ere it reaches to decisive action. When the times of trial came, I would be too weak to resist or call for aid, yet knowing, that of myself I could do nothing: it may be this is what I need to learn more fully, and if so, may I learn it, though it be through suffering. But I do want to feel that I am not faithless to this pure love of the Father: for this, I know, I must strive and labor, and wait for His strength to qualify and support through all this life of trial; yet I trust it will look more cheerful to me, as it surely will, if it is only brightened by the light of His countenance, which I seek after more than all else beside. Oh, those sweet hours of meditation and prayer! how can any one neglect them who desires spirituality? Yet how little have I often permitted to hinder what—with true devotedness-might have proved precious

communion with the True Guide and Bishop of souls. It seems strange and I can scarcely account for it, but I trust I am learning some of the true lessons of life: may the Lord so keep me that I stray not from Him.

Ninth month 13th.—How much I have to humble me: I come so far below the standard I would attain, as the teacher of dear little children, that it troubles me much. The day before yesterday I dwelt much under the feeling sense of prayer for Divine aid, and was enabled to pass through it very well, though I made some errors. If I continually strive for this all-sufficient help, it will be well with me, but it seems so difficult.

Tenth month 12th.—I do not approve of reading many works of fiction, there is so much other reading that seems more profitable,—at least, I have felt the need of something more substantial: yet there are a few which I have enjoyed hearing read, as there seemed so much of solid worth and correct views of human nature woven in with the story. I think "The Schonberg Cotta Family," "Stepping Heavenward," and the "Diary of Kitty Trevylyan," are valuable. Of course, I met with views which I cannot endorse, but such I leave,

and accept the many good lessons to be learned from them. If wrong in seeming to approve of fiction in any form, I hope to be convinced thereof. I disapprove of much that is current, and of the waste of precious time in reading it.

Eleventh month 8th.—I want Josie to learn poetry, and to love the good and beautiful in literature. I desire that her taste may be better cultivated than my own, and hope she may read and know more than myself. My eyes have hindered greatly in this as well as in other matters, and I feel my ignorance, yet know that real heart-happiness does not consist in the amount of knowledge we possess. Remember this, dear little sister, and that—

"If happiness have not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest."

Eleventh month 15th.—Much of the time of late I have felt very much discouraged on account of my many failings: it seems so difficult to be a Christian, that I often fear and wonder if I shall attain this blessed state, so greatly desired by me.

Eleventh month 18th.—Received two precious

letters to-night from Alice Sutton and John J. Cornell; the latter remarkably encouraging, and containing a wonderful insight as to my trials and discouragements about my many failures, even respecting my anxiety for having a good influence over my four little scholars, that may mark their future course in life. The letter was written on the evening of the 15th instant, the same time that I wrote here about being so discouraged concerning my many failings. He said much that is very comforting, especially so, that I feel that, without doubt, it certainly came from the Source and Centre of all good; and am I, a poor, unworthy, unfaithful creature, an object of such loving, tender care? How it should humble me in the dust before Him whose eye is all-searching, who knoweth all the thoughts and intents of the heart, who hath done so much for me, and given me so many advantages that I am accountable for, yet have so greatly slighted! John J. Cornell thus writes:-

"Contemplate our relationship to Deity as we may, and trace His goodness and mercy to us in all His manifestations and dealing with us, and there is much to encourage us to hope on and struggle with all our surroundings, for the promise is sure and abundant. Why should I write

thus to thee? It has not been the result of premeditation, but as I put my pen to paper to trace the thoughts and feelings which might arise, these views seemed to present, and I have penned them. They may serve to arouse a train of thought which may at least interest, if it does not benefit. Has the spirit been clouded, and amid its sorrows and forebodings, while the face has assumed a pleasant exterior, the secret sigh has only been heard by the Omnipresent, and the unbidden tear flowed only when unseen by human eye, and I have thus been led to sympathize and possibly encourage. From thy outlook over the community, as well as over our society, brought by thee in thy situation as teacher over the little flock entrusted to thy care, has the responsibility of implanting lessons which shall mark their future course and produce good results, made thee fear more for thyself than before, and led thee to watch more closely thy actions and impulses, and perhaps to more often doubt thy own standing with the Allwise in the progress of the spirit-life. Ah! out of this will grow plants that shall be an honor to the Great Husbandman, and thou wilt bless the hour when out of all these tribulations the Master bringeth peace. How such experience qualifies us to feel for others who are battling with life's woes,

and how it qualifies to encourage them to look to that Power that can thus preserve! May we then, dear Phebe, take courage, and look upon these ills of life as the means of purification of our spirits, and we shall find renewed energy to press onward amid all our varied trials. I would much like to hear from thee soon, and trace, too, the conflicts of mind and their results as thou might find a freedom to pen them. Any thoughts, too, which have been the subject of deep reflection in relation to our position here and relationship with Deity, or the duties we owe to one another in the family or society, would find a cordial, feeling welcome and an earnest sympathetic reader, who desires to assist where he can, and who seeks strength and encouragement from such communings with kindred minds."

Hallock's Mills, N.Y., Twelfth month 7th.

My dear friend R—:

I was made very happy by receiving thy kind and interesting letter a few weeks since: it was such a disappointment not to be able to have a visit from thee, before thou went to Philadelphia. I thought of thee while so confined, and often did I think, if I could only make R— a visit, how glad I would be; but that was not in my power. I ex-

pected that, while the body was closely confined, the spirit was partaking of that rich and glorious freedom with which the truth makes free; and it was a sweet source of encouragement to know this had been so abundantly the case.

My dear friend, I hope the young people may be many that shall be cheered in the path Zionward by thy precious words of counsel and encouragement. I do not know how it was with thee in thy youthful experience, but I deeply need the words of cheer from those that have been raised above the clouds and discouragements which beset the pathway of inexperienced feet. I sometimes think, perhaps after all I am learning the way, though much of the time I feel almost lost in the rolling billows of time, which threaten to engulf me in the delights of self and of self-will; yet, as John J. Cornell wrote, in his last letter:- "Contemplate our relationship to Deity as we may, and trace His goodness and mercy in all His manifestations to and dealing with us, and there is much to encourage us to hope on and struggle bravely with all our surroundings, for the promise is sure and abundant." How beautiful the Master works in us and with us!

Thy loving friend,
PHEBE M. HALLOCK.

Twelfth month 9th.—How beautiful is the faith in a loving Father, that He has all power to bring around that which shall be best for us, if we only put our whole trust in Him; and He alone can teach what is best. How blind we are without His teachings! Oh, that I may more and more strive to gain that wisdom which cometh from above; then all shall be well: if sickness, it shall redound to His praise; if health, it shall be spent in His service.

Twelfth month 13th.—My feelings are very tender to-day, with strong desires after holiness. I read some in a record kept of my religious feelings and yearnings after a higher life a few years since, when I did not know the way as fully as I do now, and how, little by little, I was taught; for, "if ye seek, ye shall find," but I have not rightly used the precious knowledge.

Twelfth month 27th.—Susie and I read a good while in "Stepping Heavenward" last evening, and have finished it to-day. I think there is so much of human nature and of common difficulties pictured therein, that it is highly instructive.

Twelfth month 31st.—The last day of 1871,—

it is evening, and our family circle, except Wright, are close around the stand, and, as I look on the dear ones and think of the many blessings we have enjoyed, I do feel very thankful to God, the giver of every good and perfect gift. But I know that I have not lived out this thankfulness by a life of obedience and close walking with God. Oh, how many defects and failings I see in my life, as I look back over the pages of the year's experience, and sincerely desire that, if I live another year, it may be more to His glory. He has been so good to me, but I am sadly deficient; and I earnestly ask for more strength from the never-failing source,—from Thee, O my Father,—to guide me in the coming year; and feel to-night a yearning for more of Thy pure love, and that it may show forth more faithfully and gently to each one of our dear family, and to all with whom I meet,for I have been lacking in this.

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First month 1st, 1872.—Have school to-day, and at the beginning repeated the little verse:—

"O God, to Thee our hearts would pay
Their gratitude sincere,
Whose love hath kept us, night and day,
Throughout another year."

We make a practice of repeating texts and verses in the morning before we read in the Testament.

First month 17th.—Went to meeting; have not been for several months, except two or three times to Preparative meetings: think I never more fully appreciated the deep significance of silent worship, though the meeting was not silent, for Daniel H. Griffin spoke. Looking at it as we do, that an all-wise Father is constantly watching over us for good, and has given a portion of His spirit to direct and guide us in the right, if we listen to His teachings; then let us quietly sit down and commune with our hearts, and He will be present with us. What a beautiful and cheering thought: would I could realize this better.

Hallock's Mills, N.Y., First month 23rd. John J. Cornell:—

My valued friend.—Thy precious letter was thankfully received several weeks ago. It contained much encouragement, which I was deeply in need of; and why, thou might well think, situated as I am, with such abundant blessings and so much, as I can sometimes see, to urge me forward, to live a closer life with God. But I think thou must know something of the infirmities of

the flesh, how much there is to drag us down and keep us back,—in short, the strength of all that resists the right. This is no excuse for my many short-comings; for well do I know, that "greater is He that is in us, than he that is in the world." But surely thou had knowledge given thee of my condition; and, though I have often strayed from the paths of the loving Father, yet thy counsel was so tender and feeling, that it touched me to the heart. Again and again I stray, yet still feel an earnestness of purpose to strive more and more with the help of God to gain the victory over myself. A few years ago, when sincerely seeking a knowledge of the Truth, in looking at the lives of professors of religion around me, I saw much which was not in accordance with that holiness my soul craved, and it led to doubt and discouragement. I thought, if there is really such exceeding beauty and virtue in holiness, and it is attainable, why do they not show it in their lives; or, if they possess it in a measure and it is so desirable, why do they not live up to it fully and entirely, that all might see the light and be able to recognize its power? Oh, how doubt and difficulty, brought on by these reflections, have borne down my spirit! yet deeply did I desire the knowledge and full possession of that priceless treasure

which is everlasting. As I sought it more and more carefully and with tears, slowly did the light dawn upon my troubled soul, and at times seasons of sweet enjoyment, with a feeling sense of the presence of the Most High, were mine, and I could say from my soul's experience, Surely there is a God! (I had doubted this.) As I desired to know how I might please Him, it was shown unto me; and well do I remember the feeling of joy and peace with which I received a knowledge of the beauty and simplicity of true religion: that it was, to be willing to perform every known duty, and to seek with our whole heart a knowledge of it and of God. In time I felt sure of the goodness of God, although there seemed so much to contradict it. Oh, what doubts and troubles my poor soul had known, and how I used to long for some one to whom I could feel free to tell my feelings and ask advice; but light was growing more clear, and the sympathy. of friends was in a measure made manifest, which proved truly encouraging. In time came a correspondence with thee, which has been a source of deep thankfulness and of much encouragement. How often have I desired and prayed that I might be entirely given up to the Father's will; that my will might be utterly lost in His; that I might not be lukewarm, but zealous in the cause,-in

short, a whole Christian. I looked around and saw many who seemed so far behind the standard which I thought a Christian ought to attain unto, and which I set up for myself and a society professing, as we do, to be led and guided by the unerring Spirit of Truth; and it seemed sad that we should come so far short of it.

And now I must tell thee-what I have long desired to, but feared it might sound strangely to thee—what my great besetting sin is, which has such power to drag me down, and it seems almost impossible to overcome. A voice within says:— "With God, all things are possible;" yes, this is my hope, which keeps me in a measure from utter discouragement. My disposition is much given to extremes, and I believe that temperance—in its broadest sense—is required of me: "that in eating or drinking, or whatsoever we do, we should do all to the glory of God." To maintain a due temperance in eating is very difficult: I cannot explain how hard it is for me. I have sometimes tried to comfort myself with the thought, that physical derangement was the cause,—that it was a morbid appetite; but that could not justify me in giving way to what I knew to be wrong and would lead to other diseases, which I am confident it has done. To explain my views more fully: I think,

as a people, we know too little of the laws which govern our own frames, and how can we expect anything but sicknesses unnecessarily multiplied. I have thought much on this subject for several years, and the longer I live and reflect on what my experience teaches and what I see in others, I feel deeply the great need of knowledge in this respect, and of earnest effort to live up to what we do possess, in the control of our appetite, passions, &c. I feel this subject to be very important,—that it weightily rests on intelligent beings to seek this knowledge; and, may I not say, to just as fully live up to what we are persuaded is necessary to our health as we should to right and wrong in anything else. Oh, for more light and strength! How deeply have I felt the weight of this, when I have heard those standing high in the ranks of religious society say, that such and such things were an injury to them, respecting eating particularly, yet admit they yielded from appetite or custom to that which they knew was wrong. Is there not a right or wrong in everything, and are we not accountable? For one I am, and it has rested heavily on my spirit. I wish thou would tell me just what thou thinkest of this. I am sure thou wilt say, that we should not allow ourselves to be slaves to appetite in any way; but always

yield to the rule of right in everything, no matter how small it may appear at the time. I have learned how easy it is to give way to wrong,—to that which so persistently clamors for victory; then how easy to give way to discouragement, to be lukewarm and negligent, and think hard things are required; when at almost every turn I am urged to give up something which my selfish, lionlike will deems necessary to my happiness. Oh, foolish blindness! when I know I am utterly incapable of judging for myself. Instead of bringing happiness, it fills me with sorrow and unhappiness; with a constant unsatisfied craving. No, I cannot be happy out of the love of God and submission to His will.

When I have been in this condition, having in view the standard I would attain as the teacher of little children, whose minds are so susceptible of influence, I have truly suffered. My kind, patient friend, thy words of precious counsel were indeed sweet to my troubled spirit, and may I find renewed energy to press onward amid all my varied trials. I do enjoy my school, and feel it to be a great blessing; and desire to fill the station more worthily, for I feel keenly my short-comings. Thy words respecting this were truly cheering,—yes, dear friend, I feel deeply the responsibility of im-

planting lessons which shall mark their future course and produce good results.

Thy loving friend,
PHEBE M. HALLOCK.

Second month 20th.—To her friend Bessie, she thus writes:—

Auntie was speaking last evening concerning prayer. We were reading something about it in "Stepping Heavenward," which opened the subject. She said, some objected to having set times for prayer, lest they should fall into mere form; but that she had always felt happier when she had appointed times. Her profession is with the Free-Will Baptists, and of course our views differ on some points; but I have thought much about I do think we lose—at least I know I have lost much—by not often secluding ourselves from the world's bustle in quiet waiting upon God, yes, waiting for that spirit of prayer which only He can give; and, as we try to draw nearer and nearer to Him, by meditating upon holy things and the blessedness which attends His children, He will make us feel and taste of that glory which the world and its joys cannot give; and when our minds are so constantly filled and taken up with earthly things, the time often does not seem to

come for this exercise. Then, perhaps, it may be well to set apart some special time to think particularly of heavenly things and of our own works, to question the thoughts and intents of our hearts before God, asking for His guidance and direction in all things; and, as we seek in this way, often we shall feel especially invited by the Comforter within to this service of prayer, which we shall find to be most precious enjoyment. Then, again, it may seem hard work to set our minds on that which is eternal or everlasting, which shall never fade away; but certainly for the labor we shall receive rich reward. Yes, when my mind and hands have been busy, I have felt urged to withdraw and wait upon God; and when I have been willing to give up my will to the Divine, most richly have I been repaid.

Thou speakest of thy Aunt Elizabeth's death: it must have been very impressive to see her suffer so much, yet still keep her faith in God. Must we not judge that father unquestionably right who inflicts suffering on a dear child, and yet that child has perfect confidence, her faith never wavers, she knowing that all is right, all is love, though not understanding why it should be so? Surely if the one who suffers, trusts and feels that same Father to be her comfort through all, it seems to me loud

preaching indeed; and it may be that some need this seal to their faith. But I am not quite sure that our heavenly Father inflicts all the suffering by sickness which we have to bear. It seems to me that much comes through our not obeying the laws of life, which we ought to know more about; and I think that people are more ignorant on this subject, than on any other vital question. But, be that as it may, if a person can pass through such intense suffering, and still keep perfect faith in the goodness of God, I think it a powerful testimony to His all-sufficiency to sustain, and that "He doeth all things well."

Third month 19th.—This afternoon Nettie and I visited Gerow's people, and we had a nice time. I thought much of dear Melissa, and of her father also. Read again the counsel he left for his family; it seemed so touching. What hours of different experiences I have had in that home! When dear Melissa left us to go to her Saviour, with her face radiant with heaven's own light, she told us how happy she was, and wanted all to meet her in Heaven. Oh, how I thank God for being allowed to witness that glorious death! How beautifully her countenance was lighted up with the peace, happiness, and joy of her heart, as she talked of

the joys that were and would be hers. She was asked if she would rather be with Jesus than get well again? She said, "she would rather be with Jesus." It seemed to me almost wrong to ask such a question, for she appeared to be so filled with eternal joys, that I felt sure she could not desire to remain here to take part in earthly things, even though earthly hopes were bright. Yet still it was pleasant to hear the answer, "No, I would rather be with Jesus." Dear child! how her departure took away from me the bitterness of parting.

Fourth month 6th.—Attended the funeral of James Hallock this afternoon: David Barnes' testimony was lengthy and impressive. He spoke of its being a serious thing to die, and that it is a truly serious thing to live; and said, he felt his only safety to be in keeping closely on the watch, that his Father's will might have the preference in all things. His speaking of having to keep on the watch was soothing to my spirit; it seemed so pleasant to hear it expressed as a personal experience; to feel in my heart the companionship and sweet influence of others, though far in advance of myself, yet treading the same narrow, though precious, pathway that all must tread, who go

Zionward. I feel very weak, yet know He is all strength; and, though I fail again and again, I must still strive on.

Fourth month 14th.—The sweet thought came to me to-night, as a precious, ministering spirit, that we should try to get all the real good out of life that is possible; that, though things may seem very unpleasant, there must be something to be gained or some good that we may learn. Let our prayer be:—Lord, help us to rightly use, to spiritual profit and our proper growth, all things that are given us.

Fifth month 1st.—Dear R— is so joyful. It is indeed cheering to be with her and hear her talk; how I wish we had more such happy Christians. Surely in that way only is to be found any real happiness; but to speak for myself, what gives me unhappy feelings is, not being faithful to the truth and right,—God's own requirings; and where this is the case, the real pure germ of all loveliness of heart and spirit remains clouded, and the brightness is not only obscured to the erring mind, but to those with whom they mingle. Sad, truly sad, that this should be the case! Oh, that I may learn obedience from the deep things which I have

suffered, be submissive to whatever is required, and truly faithful in the best sense of the word; then I may really, as dear Rachel urges, and as I know is our privilege, "Rejoice in the Lord."

Fifth month 3rd.—In a letter to her friend, L—, she writes:—

Rachel's sweet counsel was so cheering to my mind. She urged me to rejoice always in the Lord,—to feel the blessedness of His goodness, to persevere, and never give way to depression. I see it plainer, and trust that I may be enabled to tread more carefully this beautiful way. Oh, we have so much over which to rejoice! if failings and weaknesses encompass us, we know the best Friend is always near us, always willing to help; and in this way I see we can really rejoice, even though our spirits are deeply grieved. I have great confidence in the perfect goodness and love of God; I know the way to seek strength and knowledge from Him,—to plead for His care and support, and every necessary grace; I know He is abundantly willing to give, if I am only faithful. I know He is with me, in and around me, a very present help in time of trouble; and why should I not rejoice in this, and strive on?

My dear, I have been truly blessed in the sweet

companionship of experienced lovers of the blessed Truth, with whom I have met the last few days; Edward also added to my treasury. Thanks be to God for His great mercy! for His unspeakable gift!

HALLOCK'S MILLS, N.Y., Fifth month 6th.

JOHN J. CORNELL:—

My valued friend.—Feeling pleasant drawings in my mind toward engaging in this imperfect communion with thee, I have gladly yielded thereto. Thy very kind letter was heartily welcomed about two months since, and I can truly say it was very acceptable to my inmost feelings, which have been, since our correspondence, strengthened and encouraged by this pleasant intercourse. Dost thou realize how much the young people yearn for encouraging words from those older in years and experience? Often, when quite young and mingling with dear ones whom I felt strongly drawn toward by the feeling, that they were walking in that pathway of light which my feet so longed to tread,—and yet, though I had heard of it with my outward sense again and again, felt that I did not know the way, -often have I wondered how they could sit by, unmindful of the deep feelings of my heart, which earnestly craved sympathy and the sweet words of cheer! When I have received this, what deep impressions it made on my heart! It is so pleasant to know that others feel for us; that they would gladly assist our stumbling and erring feet. So, dear friend, from the fullness of my heart, I thank thee for thy kind interest in my welfare, and hope that, when permitted by "Him from whom all blessings flow," thou will ever nurture and speak words of cheer and encouragement to the young.

It seems to me, that if there were more social intercourse between young and old Friends, and the young were encouraged to speak more freely on those things which concern their higher interests, it might be beneficial to both,—is there not a lack among us in this respect? I have often felt this; meanwhile, adherence to the True Guide should be held in view, that all things be kept in order, and all things be of God. Where this prevails, of course, all will be right: however, it may be when I have yearned for more freedom in this respect, as I often do now, it might not prove the best thing for me. My feelings are truly deep on this subject. If the Power of the Lord were in our hearts as it should be, why do not our lips speak forth His praise more freely in our minglings with each other? Oh, the want, saith my

heart, of true devotedness! Have I said too much about this? Please tell me, when thou writest, of thy feelings concerning it.

Quarterly-meeting has lately passed, which was truly a blessed season to me in social commingling as well as at meeting. Most precious, indeed, are such seasons, and I feel benefited and strengthened by the sweet remembrances and instructions received. One valued friend was speaking of the Methodists, and on their genial way of mingling with the young, and said he thought there was room for improvement with us,-I was speaking not only of the young, but of those who are older, or at least experienced in the Christian life to a greater or less degree, why they do not converse more freely on those true and beautiful things, on the exceeding beauty of holiness, &c. What thou wrote concerning our underrating or overrating our spiritual condition, I enjoyed: may I rightly know myself, as very imperfect and sinful, often erring sadly, but desiring to press forward.

Dost thou not think that there may be writings termed fictitious, of real benefit to many minds? I mean those in which the mere events may be imaginary, yet true to human nature and the sacred truths of life. I am quite sure that I have received lasting instruction and been strongly

stimulated to right and duty by some such works. Much of the time, when about sixteen years old, my mind was under deep exercise, so that I really feared for my reason. While attending school, I have sat with my book before me, the tears running down my cheeks,—the way so closed, that I could not discern the true path and did not know how to call upon God. Oh, I cannot explain unto thee the darkness of my mind! At last, I strove to give it up, lest I should get quite astray; and did in a great measure, but still yearning to open my heart freely to some kind friend's cheering counsel, I often thought I would like to write to thee. It seems a little remarkable to think of now, and how good the Lord has been to me. While my mind was in this condition, feeling great reverence for religion, yet doubting if its happiness ever could be for me, as I could not understand the way to it, a dear lady friend that was boarding here brought with her the "Chronicles of the Schonberg Cotta Family," a book written concerning the times in which Martin Luther lived; yet the story is fictitious. She read this work to me, and there is so much beautiful truth and yearnings after a higher life,—just what met my state of mind,—that it affected me deeply, and I date the first change in my mind back to the reading

of that book, when I felt that religion must be for me, and that it was attainable by me. Oh, I cannot express the sweetness of those thoughts! and yet doubts would creep in. I remember reading of a faithful Christian Missionary, and seeing the picture representing his sufferings, which had so much effect upon me that I prayed earnestly to know more of this wonderful power that could so preserve and uphold. The next winter Abel Hull, from Maryland, was here, and he preached several powerful sermons just suited to my need, and I was truly shown the deep beauty of holiness and earnestly sought for a knowledge of it. In time still more light dawned; but I felt so weak and uncertain lest I should not be in the right path, that, in a few months after Abel Hull was here, I wrote a letter, telling him of my state of mind and asking counsel: I received in time a precious answer. In a few months commenced my correspondence with thee, and thus I have been led on, little by little. Am I wrong in thinking that more freedom is needed with me? Thou canst not know how terribly I suffered, unless thou hast suffered the same way. I can but think, had there been more social mingling with those in whom I felt confidence and I gently helped on my way, that it might have been of great benefit to me: I did not

know how to look within myself to the True Monitor for right guidance,—imagination and strange thoughts were mixed up in my mind. I felt that I had indeed met with a treasure in "The Guide to True Peace," or "Method of Attaining to Inward and Spiritual Prayer," compiled from Fenelon, Lady Guion, &c. How full of precious truths it is: it seems to me that many experienced minds do not realize the little beginnings which help on in the true way.

Friends are about getting a library for Chappaqua School, and some so strongly oppose fictitious reading, not making due distinctions, that I do not know what they will think about admitting anything of the kind. I wanted to send in a list of books which I thought excellent, and do certainly think the two above-mentioned at least of this style, and others, perhaps, if known to be good, ought to be had.

We truly sympathized with what thou so beautifully said concerning your then suffering Samuel D—, who is now doubtless in the realms of perfect bliss. We feel deeply for the bereaved family, but when we can have the best of consolation, how much there is to be thankful for!

Thy sincerely attached friend,
PHEBE M. HALLOCK.

Fifth month 12th.—Have had sweet refreshings from the fountain of pure love this evening, and have deeply enjoyed and feel thankful for the same. It is a great blessing to feel that our foundation is based on the Eternal Rock; that Christ, the power of God, is revealed in our hearts, showing us that right is that Rock; and may we never forsake this sure, this loving guide, which will lead us, -ofttimes, it may be, through dark and lowering clouds, over rough and thorny pathways, yet ever surely onward and forward; and we shall be sustained and comforted, and made to feel that "He that is with us is greater than he that is in the world;" that in Him and from Him is the alone sure and everlasting happiness. Surely the things of time,—all that mere earthly love can give, all that wealth can purchase or the outward sense enjoy,-could never give me the sweet, pure happiness I have felt to-night, and many times before; but now it seems more full and sweet with the great blessing He has given me, of the love and inexpressibly dear companionship of such a true, feeling, sympathetic heart: oh, that I may be more and more thankful! And what I so deeply feel, and am especially called to be thankful for, is, that our spirits and yearnings after a higher soullife are so sweetly united. Oh, what a blessing! beyond the power of my poor pen to describe, the feelings of my heart are so great; how unmerited does my unstable mind feel this boundless love of the good Father to be! How I earnestly desire that I may not be so wavering as I have been much of the time for the past two years; but that I may be more faithful to God, who is so good to me, and to the dear one to whom belongs my earnest sympathies in the great cause of right and duty, as a co-laborer in the usefulness of life. O Father, I pray Thee, keep us both in Thy love; let us not depart from the path of life; and, as this is our true prayer, we shall not.

Fifth month 22nd.—This morning I felt miserable, as I often do, and almost doubt my ever getting well, as it seems as if I were losing instead of gaining strength. I do feel more desirous to live for David's sake, but want to be willing to leave it entirely to our heavenly Father, after trying to do what I can to improve my health, which is a duty, but it seems hard to pay due regard to it.

Fifth month 24th.—In a letter to a friend, she thus writes:—

It seems so wonderful that I should be blessed

with such a powerful influx of spiritual joys: I who am so unworthy. It is all His great love, though so unmerited. But I do not think this is to last,—oh, no! it is to fit me for a greater love and more earnest purpose in life's work, and I must bear with patience the times when I feel not this surpassing joy,—must do my work the best I can, and all will be well. The good Father will give me the great and unspeakable blessing of the pure light of His countenance when it is best for me, if I am only faithful. I crave earnestly for us both that, in our journeying together, we may ever feel His love to be our guiding and crowning star. Please give my heartfelt thanks to Edward for his kind and precious words.

Thy deeply attached,
PHEBE M. HALLOCK.

Hallock's Mills, N.Y., Fifth month 28th.

My precious Bessie:-

I was so glad to get thy dear letter, and I have enjoyed it much. I fear I shall do it poor justice in an answer, as I am a quiet home-body now-adays, and it tires me to write long at a time. I suppose it is not so that thou canst attend Yearly Meeting? How I wish thou could. I enjoyed it very much last year: this year I cannot be there

in body, but what a blessing that thought is not thus confined! We had a good Quarterly Meeting,-how I did enjoy it; and the society at home of such dear ones, with whom it was a pleasure to converse, knowing of their deep experience: their words of cheer, love, and encouragement were truly precious. How much there is to cause our spirits to sing for joy, even through thick clouds it may be; for we know the all-glorious Sun does shine, and will—if we are faithful—shine in direct and pure brightness,—heaven's own rays. Then shall our hearts indeed rejoice, and give thanks and praise to His holy name, that we were kept from murmuring in the seeming darkness. Yes, we can rejoice; and, if we are only faithful, the good Father will help us more and more to the truest and sweetest peace and happiness. I know many who desire to be Christians, are unhappy and gloomy in appearance; and why? my own experience answers,—for want of entire dedication. For want of true faithfulness we go groaning, and are blind and weary, when the dear Lord would so gladly give us light and happiness, if we were willing to love Him better than all else. Oh, who should be happy, if not a Christian? and happiness so pure and sweet as not to be described. I want to be deeply rooted in this holy faith.

I feel thankful to thee for telling me so much about thy long, pleasant visit in the city: the sermons thou spoke of, I think, I would like to have enjoyed with thee. I desire that we may fill the place designed for us by the dear Father, whether in one association or another. The Lord knoweth what is best for us, and where we can do the most good,—if we rely entirely on His direction, our movements will be right. Friends do not all see or think alike,—indeed, it seems very unreasonable to expect this; there are so many degrees of advancement, and such varied influences ofttimes act upon the mind. There are some prominent principles that unite us together: and there may be unity without uniformity, if we only try to cultivate and possess more of that "charity which thinketh no evil."

How many pure and noble minds there are who suffer keenly in various ways! how many dear, precious little children who lack food, clothes, and culture to make them what they are capable of being made,—promoters of good influences in the world! Oh, how we need all the good we can get! How fully and deeply we feel this, when we look about and see the wickedness, misery, and dire corruption in our very midst! Does it not make us feel: O Father, all we have is Thine? Teach

us, and show how to use it to the best purpose: whether we may not in some way help Thy creatures and circulate food for the mind,—that style of reading which will raise the tone of character, which will help to inspire to the noble, the beautiful, and the true; and so the chain of good will go on increasing, link after link, until it reaches unto and around us, and the visible influences of individual labor in quickening desires for further advancement in good and holiness will be felt. What can move the masses like individual labor? Though we feel that it is so little we can do, each one must act; and if we are faithful to our part all will be well, and we shall be blessed more than we can think. Dear Bessie, do we not feel the vast difference between this and the use of so much on these poor, frail tenements, which soon pass away? indeed, the next hour, the next moment, they may not be ours.

The dear, loving Father is so good to us: my dear friend, I do feel very thankful that thou so sweetly recognizest His love and wisdom, and oh! how earnestly I do crave that we may both grow up together in spiritual knowledge, and have the sweet pleasure of exchanging views, feelings, and desires. I am fully convinced that nothing in any way will be wanting in our advancement but faith-

fulness. I have been instructed at times in considering how natural it would be for us to labor faithfully for earthly beauty and luxury, for earthly prizes and crowns; but when we seek the spiritual, that which moth and rust cannot corrupt, how oft are we lagging by the way; yes, taking sleep and ease, when we should be earnestly laboring to be all and just what the dear Lord would have us to be.

Thy sincerely attached friend,

PHEBE M. HALLOCK.

Sixth month 5th.—Aunt Jane says I ought not to think of getting married while my health is so poor. I do not know, or see yet, how I can be, feeling as miserable as I do much of the time now, —so weak, and I get tired so easily. But how comforting the thought that the right will be shown us, and that, though my health be very poor, the good, dear Father's supporting arm will be ever ready to uphold us in every trial, however bitter or hard it may be. Oh, that we may seek more and more this strength! for this will make hard things easy and bitter things sweet,—yes, I am sure of this, thanks and praise be unto His holy name for evermore! Have thought much about the "Dansville Cure" or "Home" this afternoon: felt a strong desire to try their treatment on my weak frame, but knowing that father is so unfavorable to it, I felt somewhat heavy-hearted for a while; then desired to give up all to the loving Father's hand, who has all power and whom I can trust, and in this confidence and love I felt very happy indeed. How beautiful is this happiness, that can trust for the right even though clouds and darkness encompass the pathway! We know that, as we try earnestly to do our part, all will be well, all will work together for good. I want to watch more closely, to be shown what my part may be as respects my health.

Sixth month 22nd.—I have not been watchful enough lately,—coldness has crept in; and can I, the recipient of such wonderful blessings, grow neglectful of the Great Giver? During David's first two visits I was especially blessed with a favored sense of the marvelous goodness of the dear Father, as manifested in this precious and wonderful gift, and my heart seemed almost continually uplifted in the sweet feelings of thanksgiving and praise. I do not wish to lose this feeling. I desire not to look upon it as a common blessing; for I have accepted it with a renewed covenant to serve God more earnestly, and desire that nothing outward or earthly may take away my love from

Him, without whom life would be a dreary blank, though I might be deluded for a time. Oh, how I pray that this may not be! I want to walk more firmly in that path over which I have faltered so much. I fear that dress may demand too much thought: O Lord, help me in this, I pray Thee.

Sixth month 27th.—Feel somewhat troubled as to J—'s dress, and fear it is not quite in that simplicity which I desire might be better appreciated. I wanted it to look nice and pretty, and did encourage some of it. I want to do right, and desire not the passion for show in dress, which seems to be so greatly developed in the present day, to get control over my feelings as to what is right and best in this respect. It is really wonderful what an amount of time, thought, labor, expense, and strength is used in this way, and so diverted from better, purer, and nobler purposes, which should redound to the honor and glory of God and exalt and increase our everlasting happiness.

Sixth month 28th.—Attended the funeral of a small child: it looked perfectly lovely and angelic. The gathering was quite small. Daniel H. Griffin spoke of the Saviour within that will save from sin, if we attend to its still, small voice. I rode

home with him. He spoke of my prospects, of which they had heard, and I was glad he did so. I had been wanting to know what he would think of it; and, as I asked him, he said he felt it was all right. As I spoke a little concerning what my feelings were at first, my deficiencies, etc., he replied, that all had not the same gifts, -some had treasures in limbs, some in disposition, character, etc., and some in dress. It did me much good to hear him speak in that way, as I feel that I have need of all the graces which are in my power to possess. May I be more faithful in striving after that beautiful leaven, which smoothes down the rough places into its own pure nature. He gave me some precious advice, and said he felt we had best not wait long: he thought I would be better.

Seventh month 24th.—Attended the Preparative Meeting; had a very good season, considering the whole. Felt troubled because I drift so far from the True Centre. Have great cause for sorrow on this account, yet was comforted in the feeling that I could persevere, and encouragement was sweetly given me.

Eighth month 30th.—Last night a few words, containing much nourishment, in "The Guide to

True Peace" were very pleasant to me, and remained with me much of to-day. "He himself has said: 'Walk in My presence, and be thou perfect.' (Gen. xvii. i.) How much to feel that we are really in His presence,—if we could think of and realize this more, how much purer would our thoughts and actions be; and then, it is by prayer that we are brought into and maintained in His presence. This dedication of spirit I neglect so much and sadly; why should it be? It seems to be want of right labor,—real slothfulness, I fear. Again, it says: "When once we have fully known Him, and the sweetness of His love, we shall find it impossible to relish anything so much as Himself." Yes, it certainly is impossible: nothing can satisfy but His love; and to feel that I am so unworthy makes me sad and troubled. I must try to be more diligent in this great work. I do pray Thee, my heavenly Father, to be very near to aid and support me: I am so weak, so utterly helpless, without Thy powerful assistance, and almost constantly erring.

Eighth month 31st.—To-night, as I was reflecting on my failures, and feeling much discouraged, a pleasant language seemed to address me: "I am here, close with thee always:" what words can

express my feelings! Yes, I do know the dear Lord is always with me to help, and with Him I could commune as with the most precious Friend, —even the faithful, merciful, and loving Friend of all,—if I were only upright and strong of purpose and earnest in practice! Should I allow myself to feel discouraged, when I know help is so near, and when I believe, if I try to do right, I shall not be allowed to fall? But this experience may fit me to feel with others, and, in some way, be productive of good.

Tenth month 7th.—I have felt much elated this evening, and in want of that which keeps true balance. I need to seek for that which will enable me to "carry the cup steady when it is full."

Tenth month 8th.—Toward morning, as I was lying awake, these words passed pleasantly through my mind: "All things are but dross, if we win not Christ," and this I feel and realize in a measure, I trust. "Ye know these things,—happy are ye if ye do them," were the words with which William Dorsey closed a very powerful sermon at Schemmerhorn street, on a Yearly Meeting occasion. They impressed me much then, and I have often thought of them. Sat a little while this morning

by the front window in "our room," thinking of my situation, and feeling to desire help to enable me to pass my time as I should, and in the right spirit. Indeed, I do desire this; but how fallible I am! Only one week from to-day, and I expect to enter into the holy bonds of marriage with him whom I love so well. What a precious trust I feel thus reposed in me, if I only can fulfill aright the beautiful mission which will be mine! I desire earnestly that our lives may be useful and happy, —a happiness which can only spring from hearts at peace with God. I have felt deeply to-night concerning the happiness of a dear friend, who says, in a letter received this evening: "There seems to be a great deal of sickness, and a great many are passing away, to be seen by us no more, unless we see them in the hereafter, which to me is all uncertainty and doubt. I wish I felt as thou and thousands of others do; but I do not, and know not that I ever shall. Everything seems to tend toward the wrong way."

Hallock's Mills, N.Y., Tenth month 10th.

My precious Bessie:—

Thy dear letter was gladly received. Many thanks for thy kind wishes as to our happiness. We feel that great blessings have thus far attended

us. Last night, most beautifully was brought before my mind the picture of a life,—where the sweet will of God was the guiding star of two lives united in one; where each sought above everything else the Divine rule whereby to weigh and judge the things of time, which are often so deceiving, that without this Guide it is impossible for us to see things in their true light, and hence follows great unhappiness and reproach to the cause of truth and righteousness in the earth. Oh, my dear friend, how easy it is for me to see what should be done, but oft how difficult to do! But can we expect so great reward without earnest labor? and how sincerely do I desire that thou may be more faithful in following in this glorious pathway, even though the thorns and briers of earth do make slight marks on the most precious happiness while here. With life is given us such a great and precious trust, and how truly necessary that this beautiful mission be fulfilled aright. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." What a glorious thought,sons and daughters of such a wise and loving Father; and the condition, to be led by the Spirit of God, -how high, how exalted the truth!

Thy very loving
PHEBE M. HALLOCK.

Tenth month 15th.—And thus, in the dear Lord's great love and tender mercy, He has not allowed aught of earthly hinderances, though to me there seemed so many, to separate us, who felt to be so sweetly and strongly united in spirit: and to-day we have been united in outward marriage, in the presence of a precious company of relatives and friends.

Let me not, to the marriage of true minds, Admit impediments.—Shakspeare.

This is a day long to be remembered, not only for the great change made in my life, but for the sweet happiness experienced. Perhaps my thoughts and aspirations were not quite enough turned to the dear Father; but I knew and felt His blessings to be abundantly upon me: oh, the sweetness of feeling in this respect! I cannot be a true wife without closely watching to keep in the blessed path, seeking guidance from God: and this I earnestly desire to do,—for, oh, how I long to be a blessing to him who is so inexpressibly precious to me!

Oh, let us walk the world, so that our love Burn like a blessed beacon, beautiful, Upon the walls of life's surrounding dark! Gerald Massey. How can I ever be thankful enough to the dear and tender Father for blessing me so truly and wonderfully?

The day was very pleasant,—another cause of thankfulness, and one greatly appreciated.

Tenth month 21st.—Soon after dinner we took leave of the dear ones and the precious home of my childhood, and started on our way to "the home which is to be," with many thoughts of the past and for the future, but felt the promise, "I will be with thee," and the feeling that, if faithful to the many precious privileges received from such a loving Father, I had nought to fear.

Twelfth month 31st.—Will the next year record a continuation of such great blessings? If but faithful, all will be well.

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First month 1st, 1873.—David and I have talked of the past and the future, as the old year (fraught with abundant blessings, whose pleasant recollections are so sweet to us) has passed away, and the new one is now before us, bright with the hopes of youth and prayers for usefulness; yet a shadow

falls,—I feel my many short-comings, but will try for renewed courage and perseverance in the great work. I have much to labor for, much to encourage me, or that should encourage me, to strive for the highest cultivation that may be in my reach; that I may be a true wife as far as lieth in my power, and a good, loving grand-daughter to dear grand-parents; in short, to be prepared to meet what each day may bring me of the future responsibilities and joy or sorrow that may be ours. I am going to try to care for my health first, if I have to leave some things, or many things, which I want much to do, undone; though, at best, it is little I can do for his convenience and comfort, and it is so difficult to keep evenly balanced. How precious he is to me, and how hard I should try to fulfill my highest duty to him whom the dear Father has given me, for surely do I know it was His power that brought us together and smoothed the many difficulties in the way,—so plainly was it perceivable to us; and, in the added sweetness we so often experienced together, our Father's love and approbation was unmistakably felt and deeply enjoyed.

First month 10th.—How oft little things teach us important lessons, which lead to higher thoughts

and aspirations! It is very necessary that earthly things move not the forward, steady current of our lives; but this is my great trouble, because my little current is so very wavering and unsteady: when I seek that the one great aim and object of my heart be, to please my heavenly Father, and to rest all the little, petty cares and trials of time, and my own welfare and desires for good and usefulness, right in His loving arms. Oh, that I could do this more and more, with so many favors surrounding me! What a thankful, faithful child I should be,—clinging to Him for support, that I may rightly bear up under, and be thankful for, and use to His glory, all that life may give! I truly feel that it has opened before me with very deep, yet sweet responsibilities, and the great cry of my heart is, that I may fulfill them aright.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

"The loved and lost." Why do we call them lost?

Because we miss them from our outward road.

God's unseen angel o'er our pathway cross'd,

Looked on us all, and loving them the most,

Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost,—they are within the door
That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing;
With angels bright and loved ones, gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God himself their Lord, their Judge and King.

And this we call, a loss! Oh, selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts! Oh, we of little faith!
Let us look round, some argument to borrow
Why we, in patience, should await the morrow;
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Aye, look upon this dreary, desert path,—
The thorns and thistles whereso'er we turn,—
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,—
What struggles and what strife the journey hath!
They have escaped from these, and lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,
Who—with his treasure—strove the shore to reach,
While with the raging waves he battled long,
Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,
To see his loved ones landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by the well
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell.

When, lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near and looked upon the suffering twain.
Then pitying, spake,—"Give me the little lad.
In strength renewed and glorious beauty clad
I'll bring him with Me, when I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong,—
"Nay, but the woes I feel he, too, must share!"
Or, rather, bursting into grateful song,
She went her way; rejoicing and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise. Death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust:
No outward sigh or sound our ears can reach;
But there's an inward, spiritual speech
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down,—
Take up the song where they broke off the strain,—
So journeying, till we reach the heavenly town
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

